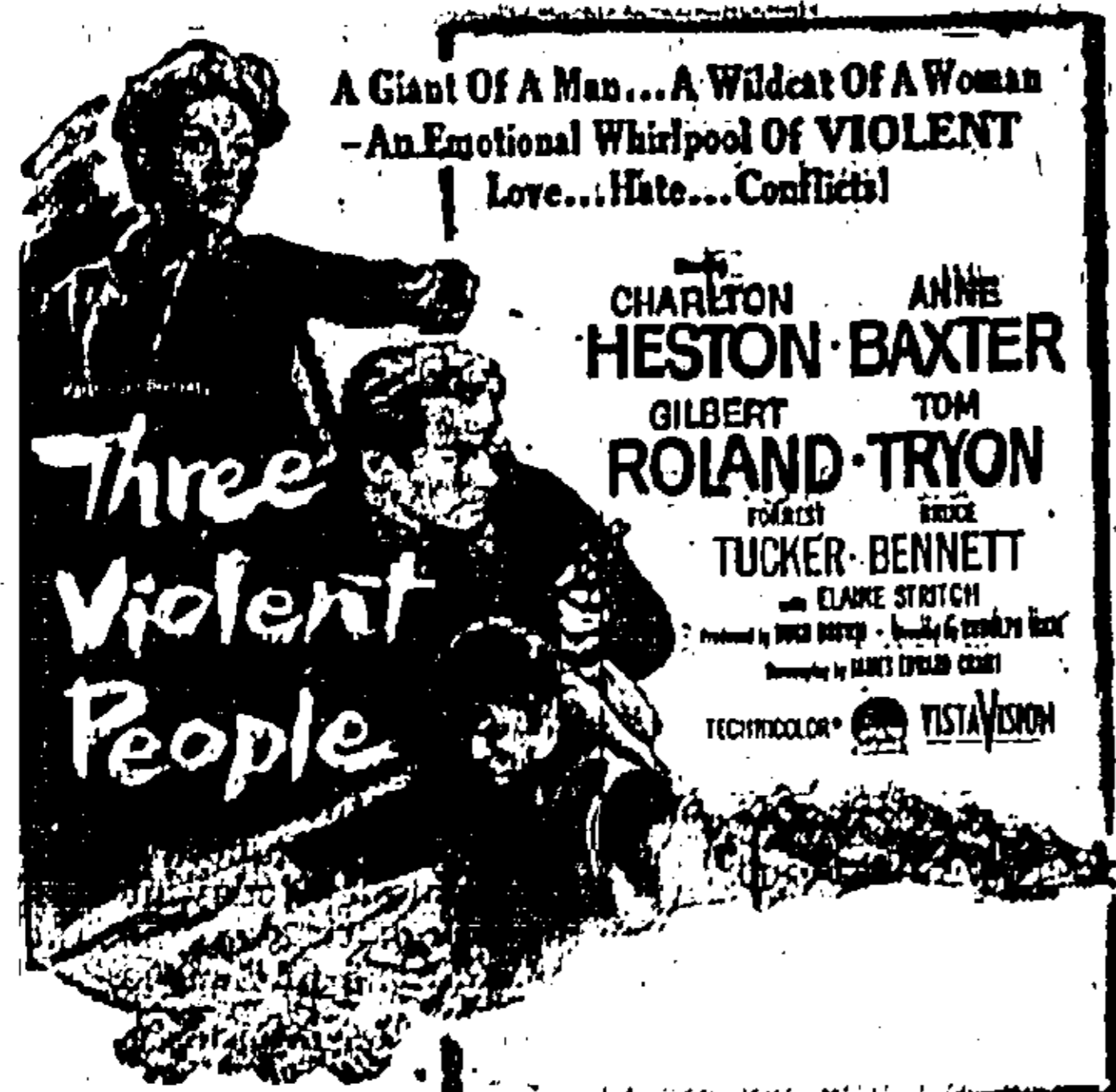


KING'S PRINCESS

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



TO-MORROW, MORNING SHOW

KING'S at 11.15 a.m. M-C-M, TOM & JERRY
PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m. Columbia's
Technicolor Cartoons and 3 STOOGES
At Reduced Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

WHIT SUNDAY & WHIT MONDAY at 12.30

"DAY OF TRIUMPH"

Reduced prices for students & Christians

HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 78371 KOWLOON TEL 60446 60340

SHOWING TO-DAY 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
IT'S ALL NEW! IN CINEMASCOPE & COLOR

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW SUNDAY

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30
A Comedy-Drama with songs and music and an All-Star Cast

Morning Show To-morrow 12.30 "SEVEN YEAR ITCH"

CAPITOL PICTURES

NOW SHOWING THE 17TH DAY! AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

Tarzan And The Lost Safari:

Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan character just goes on and on. When one season's champion swimmer becomes too portly, swollen headed or retires to save himself the trouble of keeping his torso in trim, up pops another and the series goes on.

The changing face of Tarzan didn't seem to worry the children at the first showing of "Tarzan and the Lost Safari" though some of them would probably have thought that John Phillip Law was a middle European statesman, and Gordon Scott was obviously good enough for them. There wasn't the excited squealing that used to accompany the earlier Tarzan pictures. "Look out behind you!" but perhaps that's because the present younger generation have become a bit spoiled for jungle adventures and prefer the menaces from outer space.

The Adults

Adults—or shall we say, those older in years—are catered for by the presence in the picture of an estranged husband and wife (also people, both, the picture makers to assure us, but not quite adjusted) a comic opera newspaperman, played with every appearance of discomfort by William Hyde White, a middle-aged playboy, and his brassy girl friend and a Wildcat White Hunter, in the form of Robert Beatty.

Estranged husband is the pilot of an aircraft chartered by the playboy to whizz across Kenya at treetop level so that he may have all the advantages of seeing the entire close to, without the discomforts. Girl friend takes along her feline and her make-up box, the newspaperman wears his hat all the time in the manner of old stage porters, estranged wife wears an expression of sweet resignation most of the time and rich playboy looks bored.

Rescue!

When the inevitable crash comes, Tarzan, accompanied by the ageless chimpanzee Cheetah, who comes to the rescue one jump ahead of the savage Opa tribe. As if these point-smeared gentlemen aren't enough, the picture copes with Robert Beatty (who also wears his hat all the time) insinuates himself into the party with the object of keeping the wife for himself and turning the others over to the Opa for consumption. The picture copes with the main theme of the movie, Tarzan's rescue of the most handsome Tarzan we've seen, though his powerful torso seems a fraction too large for the rest of him. His wardrobe, as was that of previous Tarzans, is confined to a loincloth, so it's difficult to miss the torso! The jungle boy's dialogue has never been conspicuous for its wit but I do wish they'd given Yolande Donlan better lines than "On looker, please!" when she sees a herd of zebras and Wilfrid Hyde White something more original than "This is the first morning I've woken up without a hangover" after the aircraft crash has deprived him of his hip flask.

"Tarzan and the Lost Safari" aims chiefly at pleasing the children.

Cowboy Frankie

Johnny Concho: Frank Sinatra is certainly doing his best to prove to the world that he doesn't want to be known for his singing alone.

He has taken many unexpected parts during the last few years and although they have not all brought him unequalled praise, each one has been out of the usual run of roles that a popular singer might have been expected to accept.

Until now his list of characters has not included a cowboy of the old west—a drug addict, composer, gambler, professional soldier he's been, but his never ridden a horse before the camera.

Not only is this Frank Sinatra's first western, but it's his first attempt at production and although the finished article is not as polished as a seasoned producer might make it, for all that it has a lot to recommend it.

Naturally Sinatra is before the camera more than in the average movie character in a western but as he doesn't depend on the stick and reins usually thought good enough for films of this type the result is not monotonous.

Story For TV

The story was written for television which made "Frank Sinatra's tale" easier, as he was able to have a base on which to work. It concerns the young

This Week's Films In Pictures



A quiet scene from "Three Violent People". From left to right: Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter and Gilbert Roland.



A tense moment from "The Way to the Gold". The scene shows Sheree North and Jeffrey Hunter.

brother of the best shot in the town of Cripple Creek. At the same time a coward and a bully, Johnny Concho depends on the accuracy of his brother's shooting to get him out of any trouble into which his conceit and trouble-making lead him. Needless to say, he is not a popular man in Cripple Creek and the only person who has any time for him is Phyllis Kirk.

The anticipated event occurs when his protector is killed by another gunman, Johnny Concho's bluff is called.

Usual Approach

Frank Sinatra shows a tendency to overdo, but this is understandable as it is his first western. It's forgivable too in that Concho comes to life as a real person rather than just another western milksop, who turns hero in the last reel.

It's unnecessary to say much more about the milksop Keenan Wynn—than that he maintains his usual intelligent approach to his role. This supporting actor has won no awards for his consistently thoughtful interpretations of widely different types of people but his name on the cast list of any picture is always a guarantee of at least one good performance.

Most Honest

Reprisal: This picture will have a short showing at the Queen's and Alhambra next week and of the many Westerns on the Colony's screens just now it's one of the most honest.

It doesn't set out to be a mammoth affair but quite rightly, Guy Madison, Guy Madison, more likeable than the braying boastful heroes of some of the bigger productions. From a conventional beginning—the stranger riding into town that is much too quiet for affairs to be normal—it blossoms into a neatly made, slightly unusual Western with echoes of the problem that is still trouble-some today, that of the prejudice that so often forces someone of mixed blood into passing himself off as white and it not affecting actively to despise his non-white companions, at least to look on passively while they are victimised.

Prejudice

Guy Madison has Red Indian blood in his veins but his appearance does not give the secret away, he is able to pose as a white rancher. Events force him to reveal his true birthright, however, and some of the unreasoning racial prejudice that exists is well illustrated.

I was greatly surprised at the way in which Guy Madison was able to indicate the troubled thoughts of such a man, without detracting from the action with which no Western has much chance of success. His tale was as good as the white hero's putting far too much intensity into a routine role, being pretty to look at it didn't matter very much. Kathryn Grant's triumph with "Three

Violent People" here is very little similarity between the two girls. The calmness of Marilyn Monroe can be glimpsed through her most drawing-room roles, whereas Sheree North looks as though she should never stray far from the stage door.

However, into the great duties she goes in "The Way to the Gold" and very fetching she looks in the tight jeans that seem to be the staple wardrobe for every Western heroine. Her costumed by ankle-length gingham.

As far as size goes, this is the most ambitious of the three Westerns running at the moment and as usual with outdoor pictures made by Twentieth Century Fox, the scenery receives a great deal of attention from the camera.

A Sort Of Moral

There seems to be some sort of moral being pointed beside the old one that crime does not pay. It has something to do with it being no more right to search for stolen property with the intention of keeping it than it is to have stolen the stuff in the first place—but this need not be of any great concern—the main thing is the trek across Arizona and the fighting and brawling between the various people who think they have a right to the loot.

Jeffrey Hunter is the ex-convict who has stumbled on the secret of the hidden gold and who means to find and keep it. Sheree North gets taken along by accident. Barry Sullivan, on the side of the law, follows them and the family of the bandit who originally stole the money creep along behind them all.

It's fairly exciting and should please Western fans.

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Tarzan and the Lost Safari". A new Tarzan performs the old tricks, Gordon Scott, Robert Beatty, Betty St. John, Yolande Donlan, Wilfrid Hyde White.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Three Violent People". Carpenters versus Southern gentlemen in a picture in the period following the American Civil War. Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter, Tom Tryon, Gilbert Roland.

METROPOLE and STAR: "Johnny Concho". Frank Sinatra, this cowboy and adds credence to the characterisation. With Keenan Wynn and Phyllis Kirk.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Up in the World". The best comedy Norman Wisdom's done. Hot window cleaner, with Maudie Swanson and Jerry Desmonde.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Way to the Gold". An ex-convict, a cowboy and a family gang try to outwit each other in a search for stolen money. Jeffrey Hunter, Sheree North, Walter Brennan, Barry Sullivan.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Not Summertime". An unemployed newspaperman, homebound in the Ozarks with half his mind on making a scoop from a notorious outlaw. Leslie Nielsen, Colleen Miller, James Fox.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt". A novelist gets himself convicted of murder in order to expose himself. Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine, Sherry Sturdevant.

METROPOLE and STAR: "Now and Forever". Love story. Janette Scott, Vernon Gray, Kay Walsh.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Reprisal". A western. Guy Madison, Felicia Farr, Kathryn Grant. "The Humboldt of Notre Dame". A remake of the old-repeating story with Anthony Quinn as the new Quasimodo and Gina Lollobrigida as the lovely girl.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Up in the World". A comedy. Norman Wisdom's done. Hot window cleaner, with Maudie Swanson and Jerry Desmonde.

ADDED ATTRACTION: "The Great Wall". A picture of the Great Wall of China. Released thru UNITED ARTISTS.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

LAST 2 DAYS (DUE TO CONTRACTUAL COMMITMENTS)



EXTRA PERFORMANCE ON SUNDAY AT 11.30 A.M.

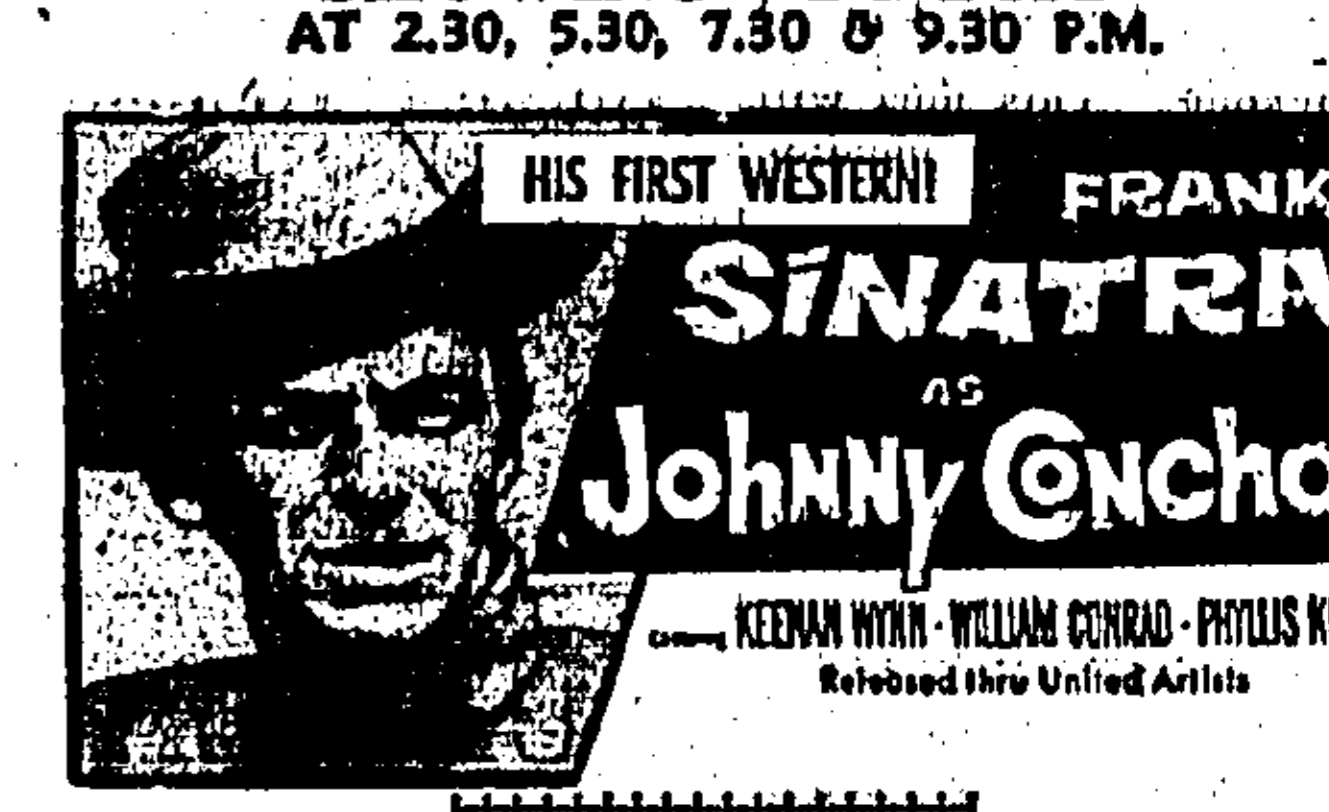
NEXT ATTRACTION

Columbia's Now and Sensational Drama "REPRISAL"

Starring Guy Madison • Felicia Farr • Kathryn Grant (In Megascopes and Technicolor)

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW STAR: At 11.00 p.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m. LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m. In CinemaScope & Color

Norman WISDOM in "THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH" "MAN OF THE MOMENT"

At Reduced Prices

NEXT CHANGE

JANETTE SCOTT • VERNON GRAY • KAY WALSH • JACK WARNER

Now and Forever

A Warner Brothers Release

ROXY & BROADWAY

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. ALL ROADS LEAD TO SWEEPING ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW ROXY: At 12.30 p.m. BROADWAY: At 11 a.m. Three Laugh Comedy & Technicolor Cartoons

At Reduced Prices

BROADWAY: To "THE WAY TO THE GOLD" At 12.30 p.m.

EMPIRE

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

First Film Chinese in the Great Wall. Lili Hui, Wang Wu. ADDED ATTRACTION: World Famous Picture "SUJATA". A picture of the Great Wall of China. Released thru UNITED ARTISTS.

Orion Commercial

Macao

Orion Commercial. Macao. Released thru UNITED ARTISTS.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

THE PAPER THAT'S DIFFERENT

WOMEN CAN WEAR THE PANTS TOO

Bonn. The West German Bundestag (Lower House) decided that German women can wear the pants in the family as well as the men.

It voted to revoke a section of the civil code that gave the husband the deciding say in all questions as far as the law was concerned.

The lady members of Parliament did most of the debating. Frau Hertha Iken said that "the old law giving the last word to the men brought many couples to the divorce courts."

Frau Elisabeth Schwarzhaupt said that marriage can't be regulated by legislation.

But Helene Weber sided with the old system. She said "thousands of women" agreed with her that the men should run things.

—United Press.

Exclusive To Prisoners & Ex-Convicts

Freiburg, West Germany. Die Brücke, the "most exclusive newspaper in West Germany," as it describes itself, publishes no reports of crimes or court cases.

It circulates only among the inhabitants of West Germany's prisons, together with a few "old boys" who still subscribe.

Die Brücke (The Bridge) is published in the prison here and has 4,000 or so subscribers. It is now in its eighth year of publication and comes out once a fortnight. Subscribers, mostly prisoners whose average earnings amount only to between ten and 15 pfennigs (two to three pence) a day, pay 15 pfennigs (three pence) a copy for it.

A few people keep up their subscriptions after they have served their sentences, but as one official explained, "Most of these who leave such establishments as this prefer to forget it and sever their connections."

The twelve-page newspaper is printed on a 1600-vintage press which turns out 1,200 sheets an hour. A special 20-page Christmas edition, of which 20,000 copies were printed, took six weeks to produce. The anti-quoted 1600 plate press which was used for Die Brücke until about a year ago would have taken about three months to do the job.

Three prison officials are the whole reporting, editorial, printing and sales staff of Die Brücke. Last year's Christmas edition was their biggest triumph. It contained many photographs and drawings, an Olympic Games supplement, a woman's supplement, and a Christmas Prize Competition.

Die Brücke is financially self-supporting, though it contains no advertisements. Most of the contributions are "borrowed" from daily newspapers. In the three issues, there is always a leading article commenting on the world situation or a political topic of the moment.

Political News

There is a whole page of political news from home and abroad, and nearly always a detailed biography of some political or otherwise significant personality. Articles on a variety of topics, such as science, nature, study or history, fill most of the remaining pages.

Die Brücke also runs a serial story and a section dealing with education, often with such subjects as how to speak and write correct German. There is usually a crossword puzzle.

Inmates of West Germany's prisons are allowed newspapers from outside if they have someone who pays for them. But these must first pass the prison censors, which usually means that reports of crimes and court proceedings are cut out.

Bavaria is the only one of the nine West German states which refuses to allow Die Brücke into its prisons. The authorities there state that the ordinary daily newspapers are more help to the convict in preparing him for his return to normal life.—China Mail Special.

Keeping In Trim

Johannesburg. A magistrate fined Alcoholics Anonymous leader E. J. Selby £20 for drunken driving.

The magistrate told Selby "I hope your friends will help you as much as you have helped them."

Selby, who has founded five A. A. groups here, said "I have been addicted to alcohol for 80 years but at times have been successful in overcoming my addiction."—United Press.

KILLED BY A BALL

London. Stuart Scanlon, 22, playing for a hockey cricket team at Bradford, was hit in the chest and knocked down by the first ball he received.

He got up and said "Carry on," and squared up for the next ball—then dropped dead.

BEGAN FIRES TO GET OVERTIME

London. Part-time fireman Harry Wilson and Bernard West told a court they deliberately started fires in Nottinghamshire Village of Loughborough so the fire brigade would be called out every day and they would be paid for working overtime.

They were fined £25 each for "causing malicious damage."—United Press.

Marriage Degrees Now?

London. Now is the time for some enterprising university to pioneer a course leading to a bachelor's degree in marriage and family life, a conference was told.

Mr. Alan. Ingley, education secretary, told 200 members of the National Marriage Guidance Council that there was no doubt the general idea of marriage preparation had "caught on."

Youth organisations were beginning to include week-end courses for courting and engaged couples, and evening centres had home-making courses for those about to be married.

Clergy and ministers were beginning to do more to prepare couples for marriage.

Marriage preparation must become a rich experience and not merely a mine of information or a set of rules, he added.

APPEAL

Mr. George Chaney, 40-year-old father of two daughters, appealed for more communication between adults and young people "who live in homes where television dominates one wall."

"The parents," he said, "scarcely speak. At work, the youngsters have probably pulled a lever all day and scarcely exchanged one word. They are not to be blamed if they do not know how to speak gracefully any more."

It was important to be able to understand the language of the young. He gave these definitions:

"Drop dead" means merely "Go away." It is not necessarily meant to be rude.

"See you later, alligator" can be an expression of affection, even of endearment.

LOOK 'ERE MITE

London. A swan caused a traffic jam on one of London's busiest bridges.

The swan waddled out of the River Thames onto Hammermith Bridge and ambled slowly into the middle of the road. It ignored the blare of automobile horns and shouts of motorists.

Finally, it moved along to the end of the bridge and sat there until three policemen arrived and shooed it back into the river.—United Press.

THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!

Neither rain, nor hail nor heat nor gloom of night stayed Franco's postal system from delivering a letter to Brigpagan—only 43 years after it had been mailed from Jersey.

The letter, bearing a British one penny stamp, was postmarked Jersey, July 13, 1014.—United Press.

THE 'BIKINI VENUS' IS SO SECRET

Rome. BEHIND locked doors in a building in the ruined city of Pompeii is a 30in. statuette called "The Bikini Venus," which one man is keeping from the eyes of the rest of the world.

It is a scantily clad, bejewelled young woman with gems for eyes and a two-piece outfit picked out in gold paint.

"The Bikini Venus" was dug up in the city which Venusian smothered in ash in A.D. 79. But no one is allowed to see even a photograph of her.

The man who is preserving her secrets is Professor Amadeo Maiuri, 71-year-old Superintendent of Antiquities.

He says: "The Bikini Venus" is the work of some Hellenic artist. It is important because it discloses secrets of the underwear of a fashionable lady of the first century, A.D.

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quick and
easy...
LIBBY'S
Frozen
Lemonade



Deliciously fresh, delightfully cooling, and so easy to fix! Just add water and ice! You don't need sugar because Libby's Frozen Lemonade is already sweetened. Always get Libby's, and always get plenty.

Libby's

FROZEN FOODS
all of the flavor... none of the fuss!

Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.

LIVE IN A GERMAN CASTLE FOR A DOLLAR A DAY

Frankfurt.

You can live in a castle in Germany for a dollar a day.

The price doesn't include armour, serf service, or other princely privileges. But it does provide a good night's sleep in surroundings where everything but the plumbing and the innerspring mattresses are medieval.

About 30 of the dozens of castles and palaces throughout Germany now take in tourists. Most of the others are used as museums or government offices. Only a few of the castles—dwelling castles—can still afford to heat 40 or 50 rooms and pay the wages of a corps of servants.

PROBLEMS SOLVED

Putting up tourists solved the financial problems for many of the old families. They continue to live in their castles, in a

FARMER SOLVES MYSTERY

Exeter.

Iris, a cow with larceny in mind, was in the doghouse today and farmer, Bill Vanstone, put her on a diet of grass and water. It was quite a comedown.

Vanstone, who owns a dairy herd at Meavy, Devon, couldn't understand why in these days of warm sun, rain and lush grass some of his cattle weren't giving milk. He also couldn't figure why Iris never seemed to bother when the other cows plodded down to a stream to drink. She never appeared thirsty.

So the farmer turned detective and solved the case of the empty udders.

Iris was spotted sidling up to the other cows and helping herself to their milk.

She now wears a muzzle on her nose. The muzzle is studded, and when Iris tries to help herself to the other cows' milk the studs tickle their tummies. That annoys them and they won't co-operate.

As soon as Iris is cured of thieving, the muzzle will be removed.—United Press.

BED SHEETS GUIDE AIR AMBULANCE

London. BED sheets were laid on the ground near an Essex hospital last week to guide down a helicopter in a desperate attempt to save the life of a young woman patient.

Six minutes after landing the plane took off again with the woman—she was unconscious—and two doctors aboard. It followed the "sheet" across

Helicopter In Dash To Save Woman

London to Hammermith and 17 minutes later—guided by more sheets on the ground—landed near Hammermith Hospital.

There an ambulance rushed the woman, Mrs. Gladys Ray, 37, to a ward—and to the only equipment in the London area that could save her.

Mrs. Ray, of Marlborough Road, Hammersmith, developed an

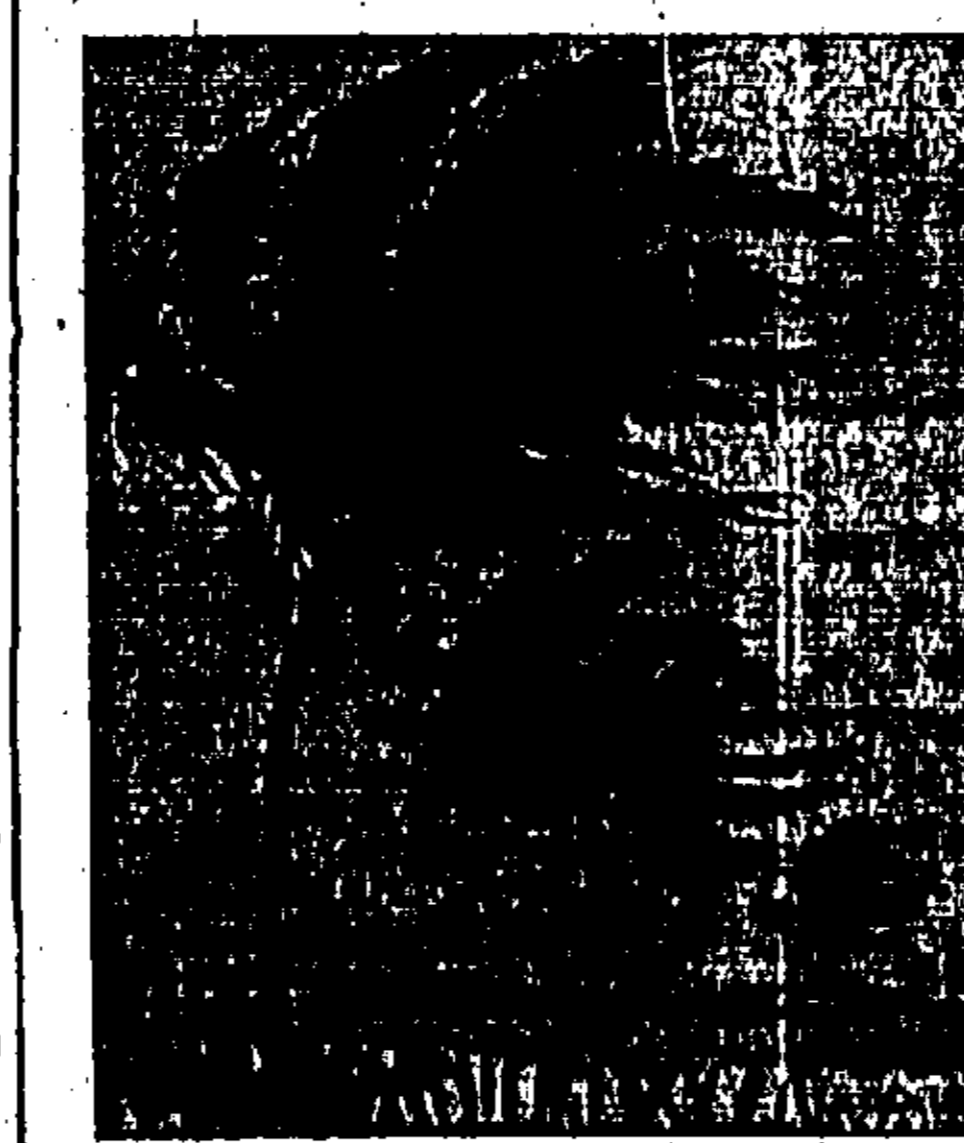
acute kidney complaint after losing her first baby a few days ago.

Dr. J. Miles, superintendent of Oldchurch Hospital, Romford, said: "We have been fighting to save the life for several days. A consultant doctor decided that the only chance was to try to remove the

Hammermith where they have special equipment.

"The journey by road would have been too uncomfortable and it would have taken too long. So I phoned for a helicopter."

The helicopter immediately took off from the naval air base at Lee-on-Solent. And Mrs. Ray's journey across London, which would have taken an hour by ambulance, was over in nearly a quarter of the time.



SUMMER SEASON
PROMENADE CONCERT

AT THE

HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA

RITZ

CONDUCTOR: VICTOR ARDY

LEADER: FRED CARPIO

SUNDAY 16 JUNE 9 p.m.

TICKETS: HONGKONG — MOUTRIE TSANG FOOK

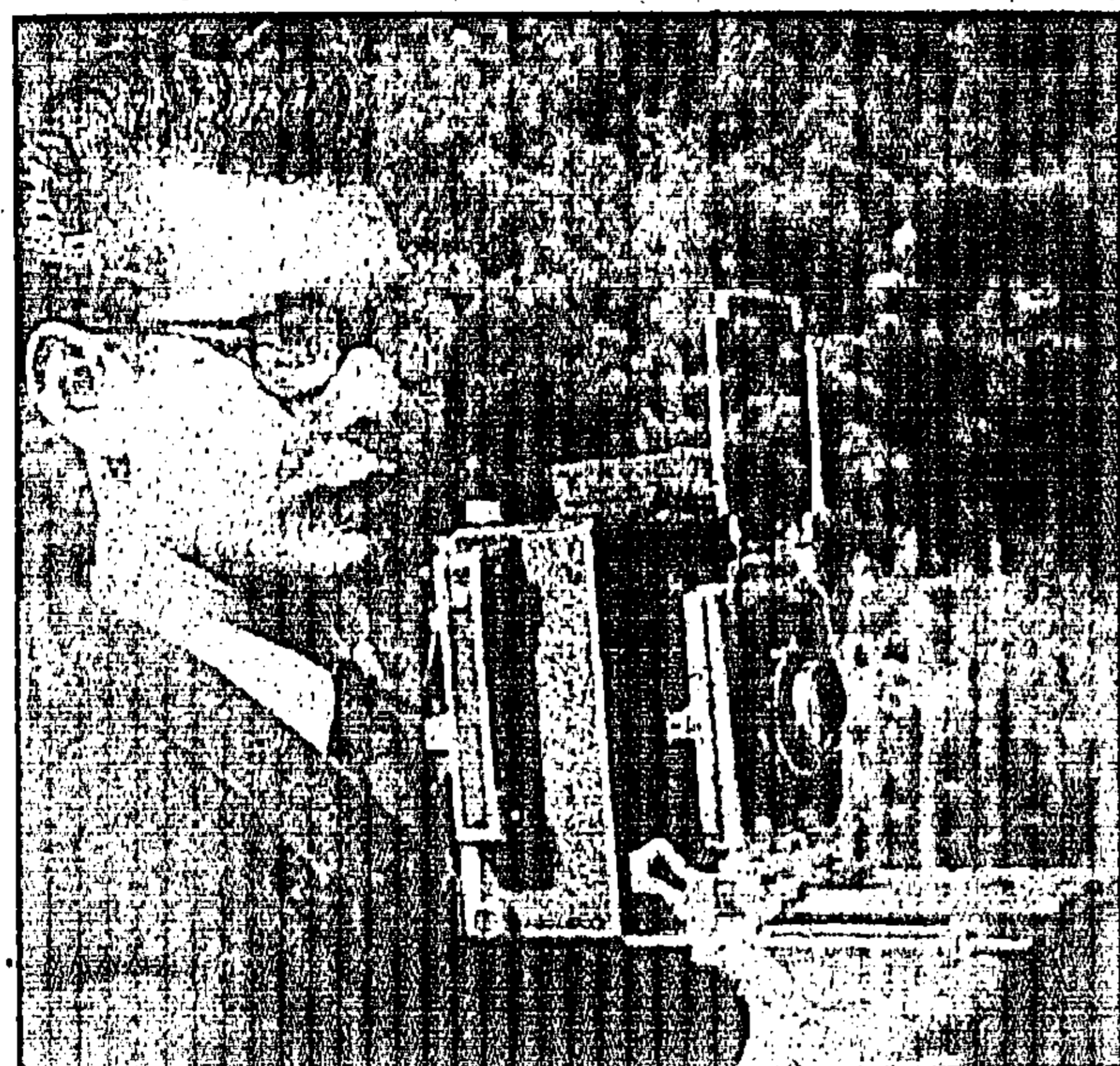
KOWLOON — RADIO PEOPLE MOUTRIE

Book Early

Doors Open 8 p.m.

Come Early

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



MAN AND HIS PICTURE: Siamese law student NARONG NAYA was walking down Oxford Street with his camera when he saw girls leaping from a blazing store. Four women leapt for their lives before the arrival of the fire brigade. They were caught by pedestrians who held out fibre mats and canvas awnings as jumping beds. All women landed safely. And Narong Naya (above) wins £100 down and a share of world reproduction fees for his picture, right. (Express)



A chance to chat — the Duke got rows behind the Queen when they inspected together part of the Home Fleet at Cromarty Firth. Just after this picture (above) the Queen said to Capt. Richard Smeaton of the Albion "We shall have to wait for Philip again. Isn't he the limit!" (Express)

RIGHT: The rock 'n' rolling Duke of Kent and partner Katherine Worsley, daughter of the Lord Lieutenant of North Riding, were dressed for somewhat pro-rock days for the Bodale Hunt ball at Bolton Castle. (Express)

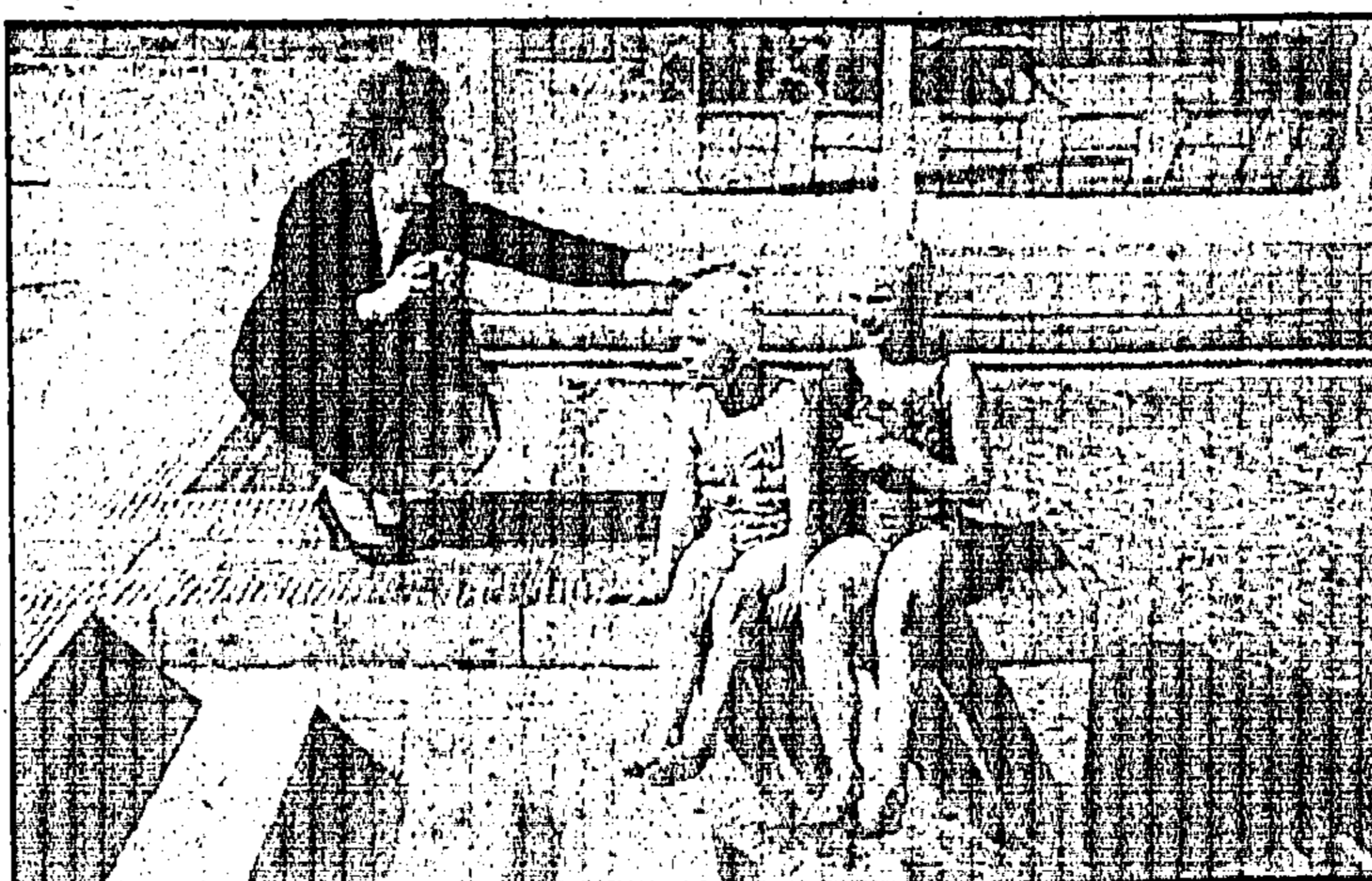


ABOVE (right): Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother meets Canon H. Chipembalo of Nyasaland at a missionary exhibition in a small South Bank church hall. (Express)

ABOVE (left): Defending a Foreign Secretary under fire, the Prime Minister clenches his fist at the Conservative Women's Conference, as he says ... "Sir Anthony Eden — at whose steady recovery we all rejoice — found in him (Selwyn Lloyd) a loyal and sagacious colleague, and so do I." (Express)

RIGHT, counting the cost of divorce, 31-year-old mother Mrs June Jones of Godalming was given four hours to say goodbye to her two daughters who sail to America with their father Mr Roy Horman and his second wife. (Express)

LEFT: Singer Mindy Carson on her arrival in England for TV appearances. She has just won a US sculptor's award for having the "Most Perfectly Moulded Features." Cosmetic note — she doesn't use it. (Express)



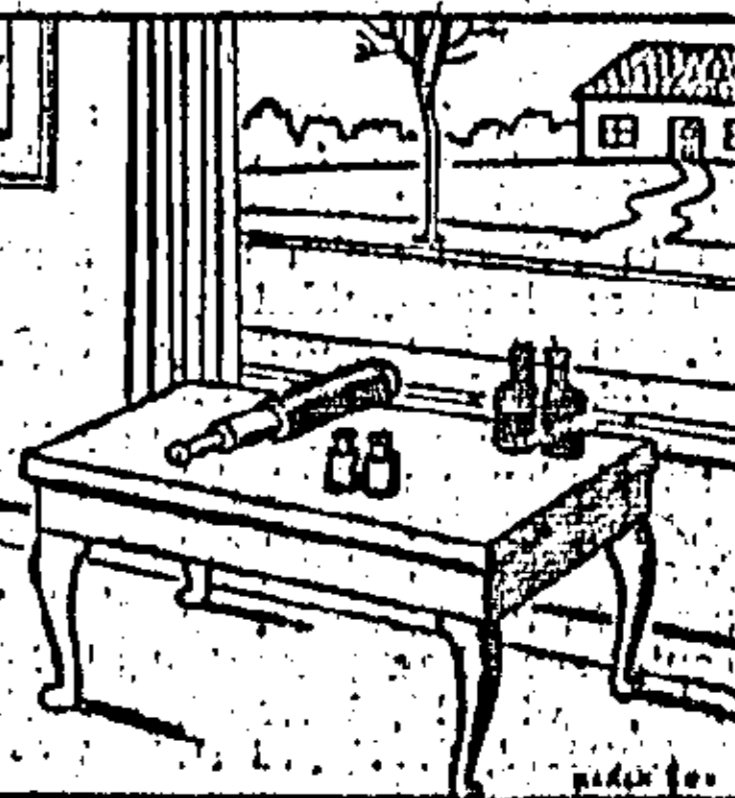
John Peet returns to Britain for a holiday. He is the English editor of an East German propaganda sheet in English and anti-Anglo-US broadcaster on the East German radio ... went over to East Berlin seven years ago declaring he could "no longer serve the Anglo-American warmongers." Asked if any East German renegade would find it as easy to go home for a holiday he thought a minute, then said: "No, I daresay it would not be that easy. But then you in Britain feel so secure anyway." (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



A TEA TIME TREAT



Not least among the week's great headlines was the official announcement that women Wolf Cub leaders may now wear shorts, with a request that "they should be utilitarian rather than ornamental."

BRITAIN'S TRACK CHAMPION

WHAT sort of a man is Stirling Moss? It is not, perhaps, so very easy to say. An Ace racing-motorist leads a queer life. He travels all over the world. He is in Germany one month, Italy, France or Belgium the next, perhaps in Argentina the month after. But what he sees in all these countries is the same thing; the circuits, the pits, the mechanics, the same teammates and the same competitor.

His life is a dedicated one. If he is a wise man, he will never drink and smoke little.

With some of his closest colleagues, he may not even share a common language. Moss and his old Number 1 on the Mercedes team, Fangio, have a great admiration and affection for each other; but Moss speaks no Spanish, Fangio no English.

The racing-motorist's life is a life lived in the limelight. Yet in some ways it is a life as much cut off from everyday concerns as the life of a monk. There is no time or space in such a life for evenings at the "local" chateaux with the neighbours over the garden wall, football pools, or discussions about politics.

A racing motorist's body, mind and nerves are his instrument. He must be as much about keeping himself tuned up to the last degree of efficiency as he and his mechanics bother about keeping his car tuned up. No wholly dedicated man is really quite the same sort of person as you are or I am.

Yet, given that a man like Stirling Moss is not really, in what makes him tick, the same sort of creature as most of the rest of us, he shows a remarkable sympathy and friendliness with the rest of us.

If there is a word "Little 'ead" to describe the opposite of a "Big 'ead" I would use it for Stirling Moss.

For nine years, since 1948 when people first began to talk respectfully of this boy-wonder of eighteen, Stirling Moss has been reasonably famous. It could all have gone terribly to a young man's head. But Stirling has his feet on the ground. I give the credit for his lack of conceit to his excellent upbringing by his father and mother.

Stirling Moss never refuses to meet a journalist. He never refuses to answer a question put by a fan. He signs autographs without looking bored and superior. Once, at Le Mans before the famous 24-hour race, he was relaxing in his caravan and talking to a publisher. A fan, who had come all the way from South Africa, shyly popped his head round the caravan door. Would Stirling mind autographing a copy of his recent book. "Certainly," said Stirling. "And here is the publisher, would you like his autograph, too?"

Stirling is an easy man to interview. Famous though he is, he recognises that journalists, like himself, have an interesting, difficult job to do, and he likes to help them. He takes a real interest in what a journalist is getting at. He tries to think of an angle that will give an interesting story. On the other hand, he does expect a man who interviews him to be reasonably well informed about—and what is even more important, to have a sincere not a pretended interest in—the whole motor racing business.

Stirling Moss Ltd

Usually, Stirling Moss is in England for eight or nine weeks of the year at the most. That is the period when he has to attend to his business affairs and Stirling Moss Ltd. They are a pretty packed eight or nine weeks. Incidentally, on the goodwill and not the business side, he receives something like 12,000 letters a year; and these, with secretarial help, he tries to acknowledge and sometimes, if they are interesting, to answer in detail.

He is a fair and understanding employer. His chief mechanic once said—nothing could be a finer tribute—"People don't so much work for Stirling as with him. Motor-racing is a very nerve-racking game and there are racing motorists who reduce their mechanics almost to tears, especially on the eve of a big race. Not so Stirling. He gets men to work for him in whom he has confidence, gives them a general idea of what he wants done, and lets them get on with the job. His confidence in the men who work for him is repaid by them with wholehearted loyalty."

He goes out of the way, after a big race, tired out as he is, to make sure that his mechanics

have comfortable accommodation for the night. And it was he who, when he was in the H. W. M. team during 1954 and 1955, persuaded John Heath, the team-boss, that the mechanics deserved a share of the spoils.

Stirling Moss has often been heard to say that he will race for only ten years. He started in 1948 and this would mean stopping in 1958, when he will be just getting on for thirty. Thirty is youth for anybody in a sedentary profession. It is the age when a clever young lawyer or doctor has his feet on the first rung of the ladder. But it is the age, also, when an athlete has lost his first youth. I wonder if he will retire in 1958? There are many things—the World Championship crown is one of the most important—that tempt a driver to carry on for a little longer than he intended to.

Stirling Moss Ltd

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Near The Top

It is difficult to be near the top in any profession and at the same time to be genuinely modest about your abilities. Though the least boastful of men, Moss must know that he is an exceptional driver. But he is genuinely modest to the extent of disagreeing sharply with people who tell him he is as good as Juan Manuel Fangio, his Number 1 in the Mercedes team, and a very great hero of his. "He never lets up," he says admiringly of Fangio. And the nearest he ever got to praising himself was when he once said, "I think I have narrowed the gap between Fangio and myself."

"Fangio," he once remarked also, "has more guts than almost any other man I know, in any walk of life. He is tremendously determined. He absolutely refuses to admit defeat. I think that is so very much the right mental approach."

For it is, of course, never merely a tough physique, a sturdy constitution, that makes a great sportsman of any kind. "It is the mind," says Moss. "That is the key to success. Fangio has such control over his mind that he can successfully fight the danger, and it is a danger, always threatening the racing driver, of the mind's suddenly becoming tired."

Fangio, for Moss, is the "perfect example" of the professional racing motorist. Moss's friends like to add that he is so close to Fangio in his own whole approach to motor racing that he is pretty near to being another of his own "perfect examples" himself.



Like many Grand Prix drivers, Moss is a careful and considerate, though fast, driver on the public highway. For private travel, he likes small cars. "They keep me up to scratch," he says—he takes a schoolboyish pleasure in such gadgets as magnetic ashtrays, which stay put on any metal part. He gets a kick, too, like his very good friend Peter Collins, out of setting off a mechanical wolf whistle. In the Mercedes-Benz, which was loaned to him during his season with the German team, there was a beautiful up-to-date German radio set that could get any conceivable wavelength. He never tired of playing with it, and showing it off to his friends.

Fag For Fag

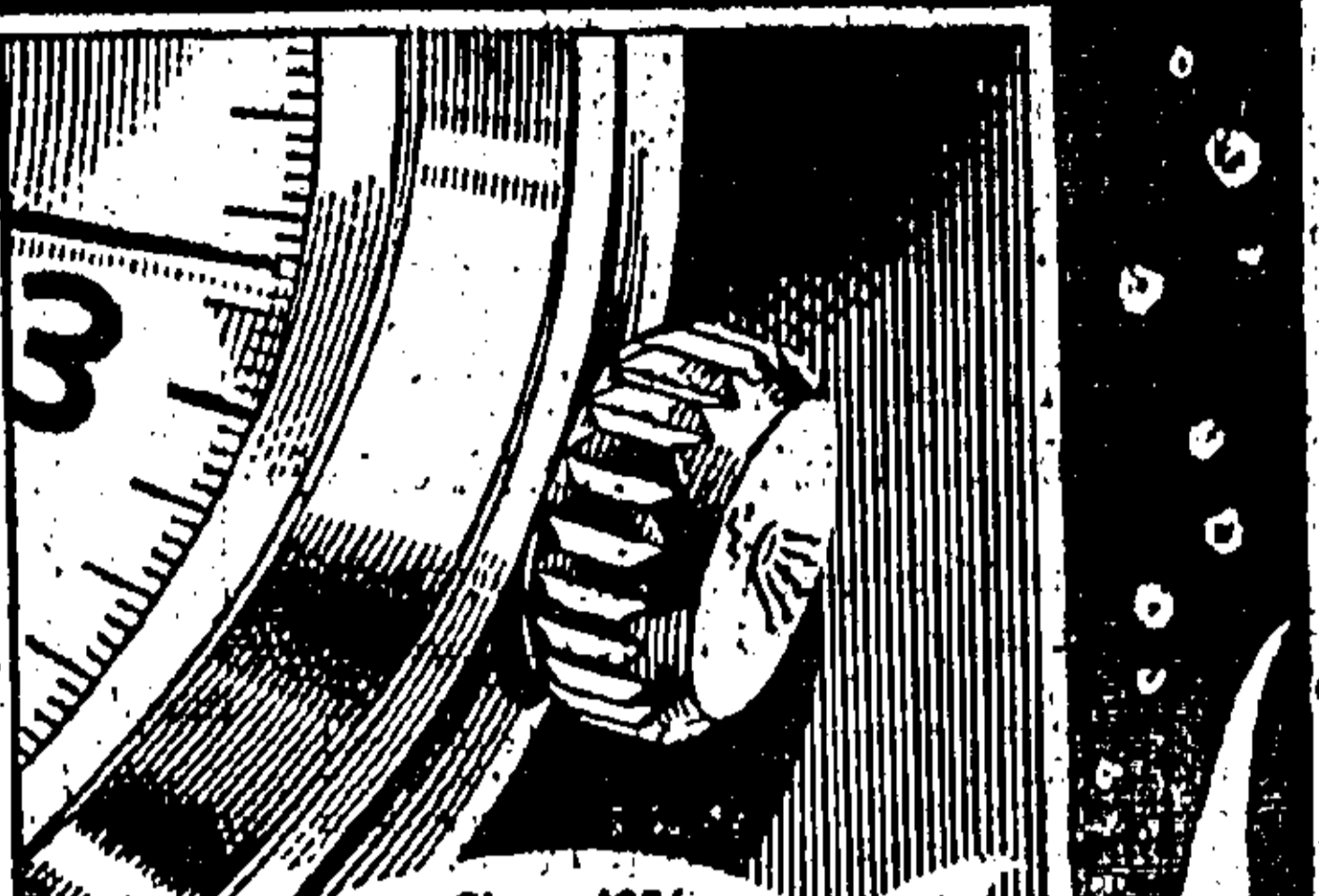
Stirling Moss never touches—and never has touched—any alcoholic drink. But he smokes four or five cigarettes a day and often likes to light one after a particularly tiring race. He cares enormously for physical fitness but after years of racing finds that he no longer needs daily workouts in the gymnasium. To race every week in Grand Prix and Sports Car events—with the attendant physical and mental fatigue—is quite enough exercise for any man. He is boundedly energetic. Even after a good lunch, he never steps sedately into a taxi. The door is held open, and he literally runs up the step. The sheer life and go in him makes his company very stimulating.

His temperament is a serene one. If some piece of bad luck—like the engine trouble that put him out of the race at Monaco when he might have won it in 1955—creeps up, well, there it is. There is no use moaning about it. "Another chance will come. In this thoroughly sportsman-like attitude Moss differs from some other racing motorists who tend to growl and grumble, to sulk or to explode; who will not play the cards as they fall. In his serene Moss is, as he says of Fangio, a "perfect example" to other motorists.

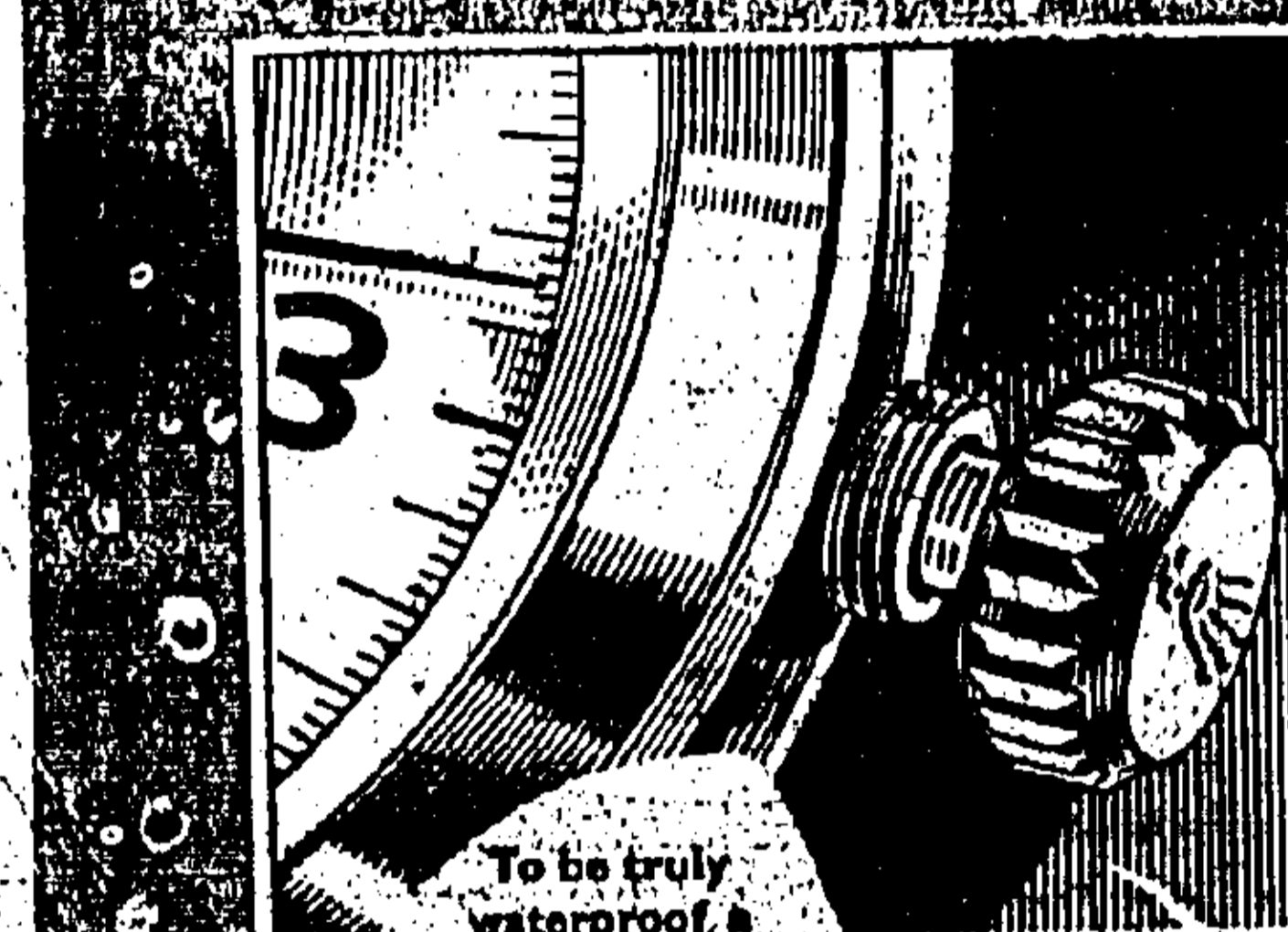
But what about the private life? Racing every week, spending nine weeks only of the year in England, moving rapidly from one country to another but never long enough to take any roots, there or even to get to know the country, its people, or its language, well, Stirling Moss has perhaps not much spare time for a private life. People who know him well were pretty sure he would never marry, so long as he remained a racing driver. Whatever he does, he puts his whole heart into it, making a success of it as he has into his racing career.

27 fathoms down

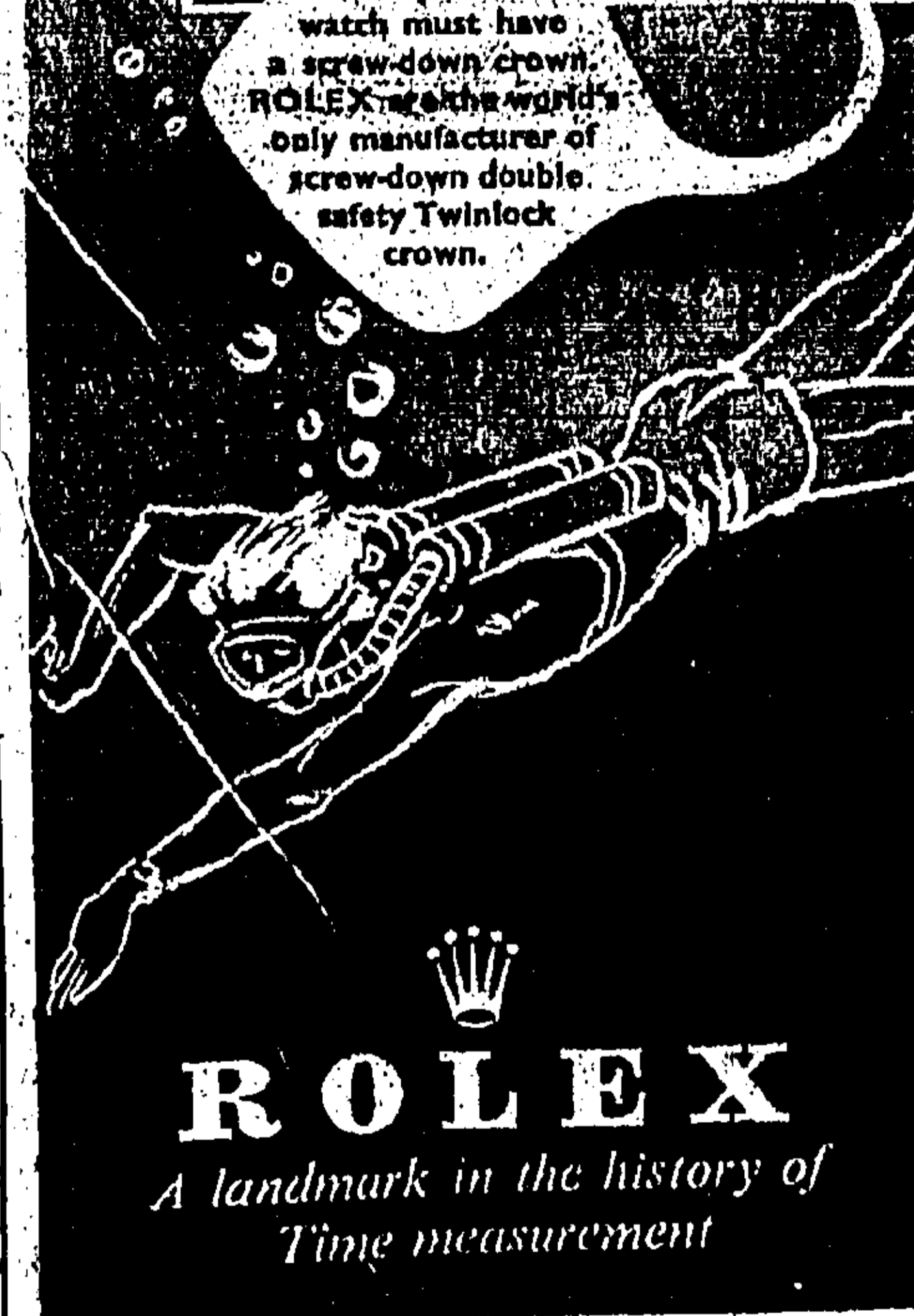
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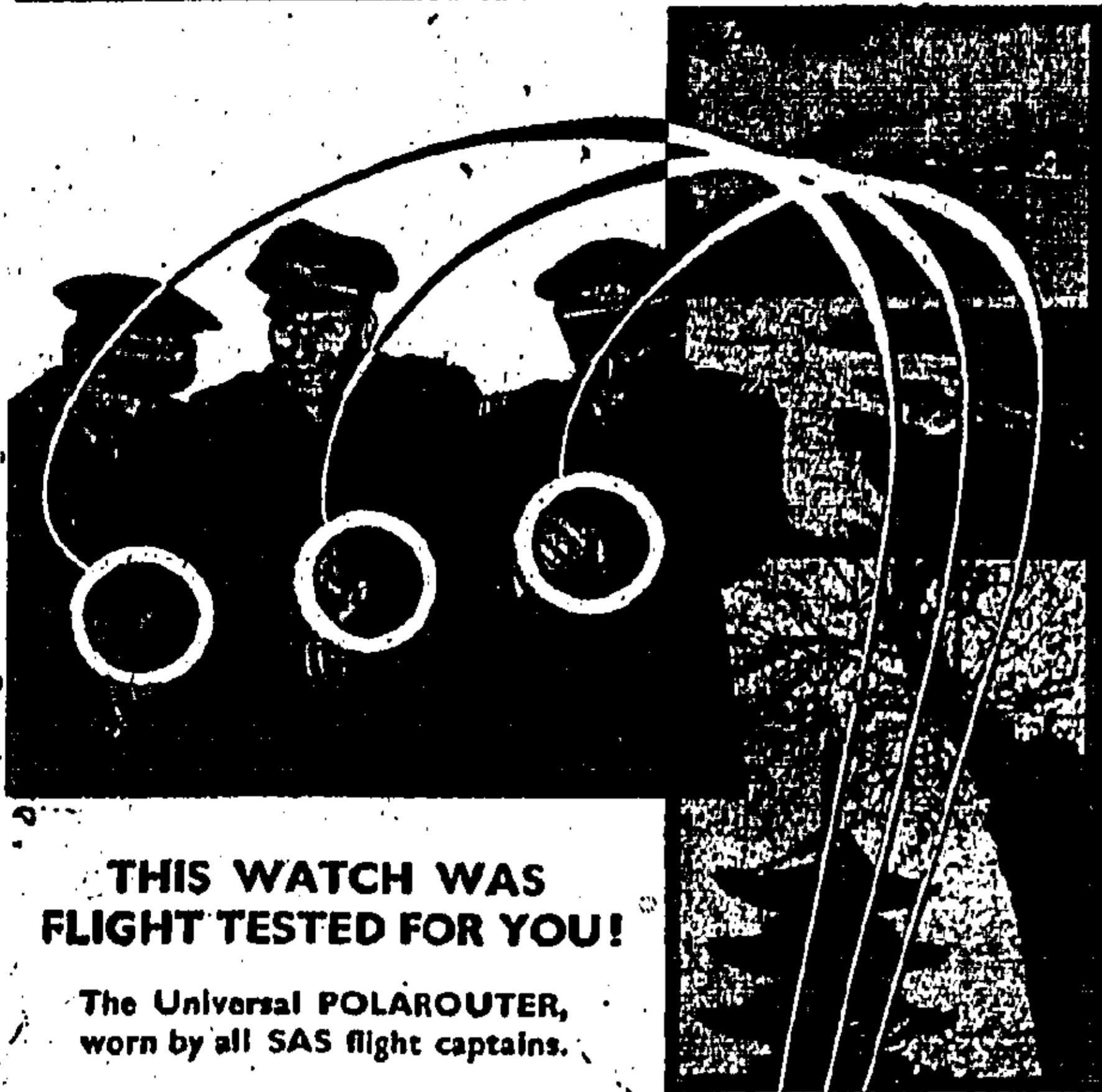
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"Certainly not, Edward. We might like it."

A 12-lane highway to the Kremlin is open to British motorists. But if you travel with the latest Intourist holiday plan you will have to keep one seat in your car free for the Russian guide... a man for women's parties, or a girl to look after men—but no nonsense, they are all sound members of "the party", specially trained to guide you on the road—by

CAR TO MOSCOW

THIS summer, for the first time, you can take your car to Russia. Intourist, the Russian travel bureau, announced this in Moscow after 18 months of negotiations.

But it will be "motoring with strings." Only two routes have been approved. They must not be left. And every motorist touring Russia must keep one seat spare—for a Russian "guide and interpreter."

Full details of the scheme, given in a mass of instructions, are being translated by the Automobile Association in London.

For those who would like to try...

● **HOW TO START:** Initial arrangements should be made through a tourist agency and the A.A. Before they can be confirmed, visas are needed both for entry into Russia and Poland.

● **ROUTE TO RUSSIA**—by Berlin and Poland, about 1,000 miles from the Belgian and French Channel ports.

● **THE COST:** An A.A. official said: "The scheme provides for a payment of a lump sum in advance to cover hotel accommodation and subsistence. The shorter of the two tours will cost £25 10s or £34 if first-class accommodation is provided.

"On the longer tour the cost will be £49 or £70 all-in, depending upon whether first or



second class touring accommodation is selected.

"Petrol in all cases is an extra and will cost about 8s. 4d. a gallon—not much more than the price in England.

But the Russian Government gives tourists an allowance equal to about £2 10s. a day in addition to the cash they bring with them.

● **THE ROUTES** are: a 13-day return tour from Brest-Litovsk to Moscow via Minsk and Smolensk (1,250 miles) and a 27-day return tour from Brest-Litovsk to Yalta via Minsk, Smolensk, Moscow, Tula, Mtsensk, Orel, Kursk, Kharkov, and Simferopol (2,900 miles).

● **ROADS**—There are some roads linking a few main cities called No. 1 Roads, which are far better than anything in Britain. They take six cars either way and are straight for miles.

But few of the roads on the prescribed routes are of this calibre. Most of them would be secondary roads—still good, because they have been largely built since the war.

They are "four cars wide." They too are straight. But the surface is not so good as the No. 1 Roads.

On the right

● **YOU DRIVE** on the right hand side of the road.

● **HOTELS**—those which Intourist will allow foreign visitors to use will be plushy in the Victorian manner. Clean and comfortable, service as a rule good, but sometimes a bit slow.

● **PETROL STATIONS**—very few indeed. So take plenty of petrol in tins.

● **THE INTERPRETER** in the spare seat—The policy seems to supply women interpreters for men, and men interpreters for women. Most are young, self-assured and emphatic in their instructions about where the tourist may or may not go. For the members of the Communist Party.

HOLIDAY TIME IN RUSSIA



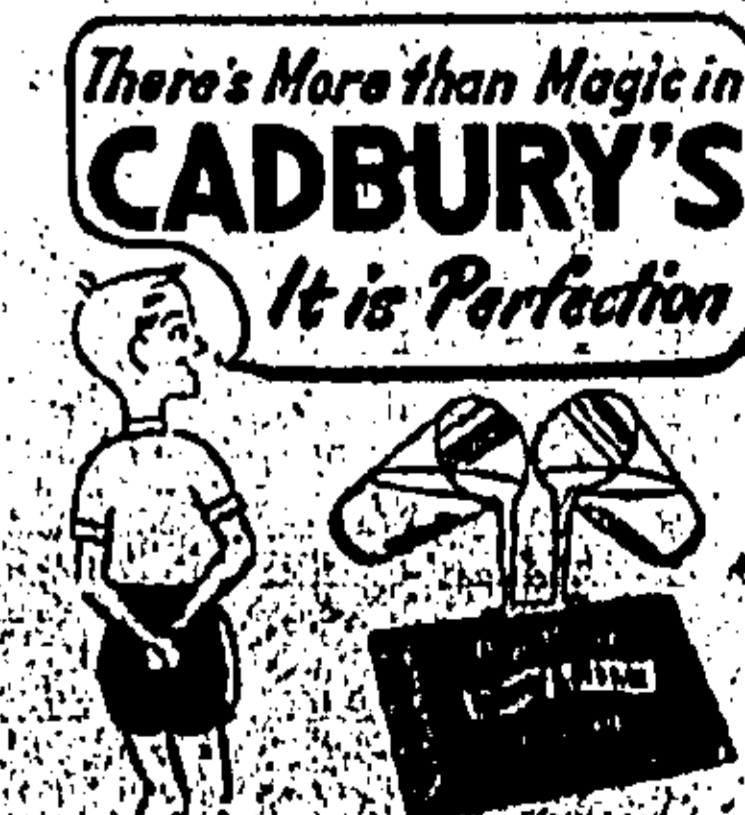
—and this is ANNE SHARPLEY sampling it

THIS picture of Anne Sharpley trying on a Caucasian sheepfelt hat she had just bought was taken last week in Sochi, a Russian holiday town on the Black Sea. Anne Sharpley, who went as an ordinary tourist, has just returned from Russia. She saw more than is usually permitted to tourists.

I TRAVELLED TOURIST TO RUSSIA
by Anne Sharpley
begins in the China Mail
ON MONDAY

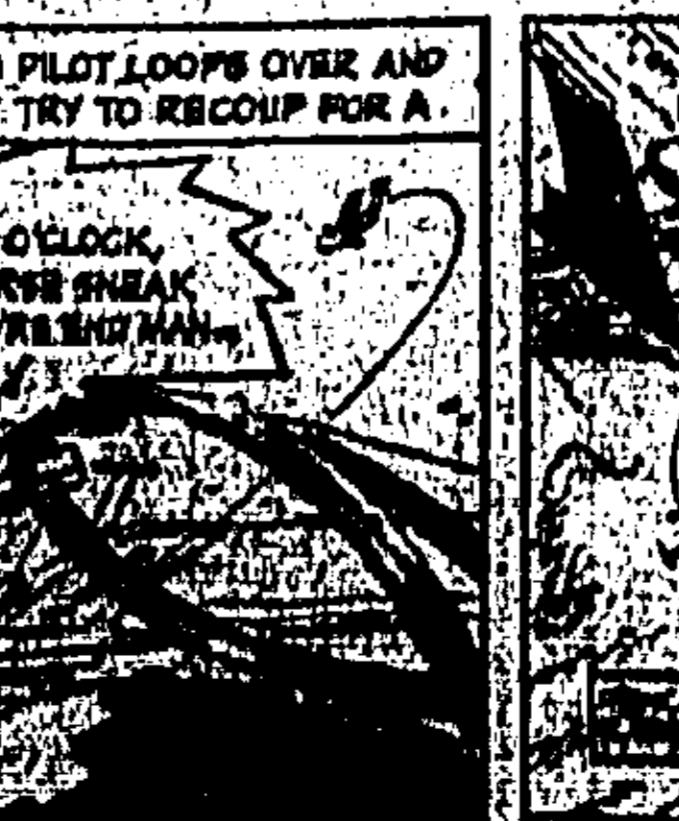
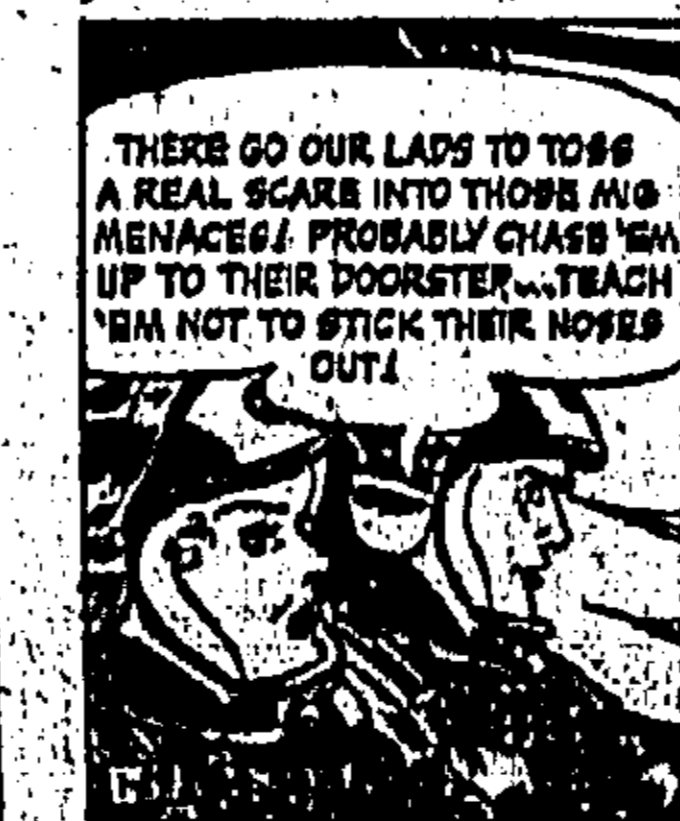
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



There's More than Magic in
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...this situation calls for a
San Miguel

The French cry 'Waiter!' and get 'la douloureuse'

...IT MEANS THE BILL WITH
THE STING IN IT... WHICH IS LIFE IN FRANCE TODAY

THE French, after a whacking great meal beginning with truffled goose liver and the white wines of Alsace, and travelling gastronomically through the Burgundy country and ending most likely with a little bit of the Cognac region glowing in a balloon glass, have a sad name for the thing that comes at the end of it all.

They often call the waiter to bring "la douloureuse"—literally meaning "the sad thing." Sometimes we call it "the damage." And we both mean—the bill.

The elementary summing-up of what is happening in France today is that the French once more don't agree with the total at the end of "la douloureuse."

They often call the waiter to bring "la douloureuse"—literally meaning "the sad thing." Sometimes we call it "the damage." And we both mean—the bill.

From SYDNEY SMITH: Paris

In the one year, three months and 20 days of their service, Mollet and his leaders have won 34 votes of confidence in Parliament—a record survival in postwar France.

The deficit

NOW suddenly comes—the bill. And with it the guests' decision that they have indigestion, and don't want to pay.

Like all French crises, this one appears to be about something not at all related directly to the true reason.

This time the Government, heading for the biggest financial crisis since the 'thirties, with a deficit so big that it hardly matters any more—£1,400 million—is trying to stop the gap with financial reforms and tax increases that involve only a total of £150 million.

Of £89,000,000 worth of tax increases alone, Parliament's

Finance Committee rejected £80,000,000 worth of proposed new receipts by the Government.

It was on that issue that Mollet's Government was thrown out, by what is for the French the fairly narrow margin of 213 votes to 250—on the question of a Budget which would in fact bring in only one-tenth of what is needed to pay for French bankruptcy.

There is never anything visibly rational about a French Government crisis. It is never logical by average standards—certainly not so by standards of purely national interest.

This one comes after Socialist Mollet has shown such a firm hand in North Africa—cost £1,000,000 a day—that many of those who supported the rather naive early approaches to the terrorists have raised their hands in horror and cried "Fascist!"

Brotherly hate

AND the people who threw him out—the Communists, the centre Right parties, and the Mendes-France Radicals—all hate each other.

All Paris knows as usual that whatever rocky Government may be ditched together to carry out practically the same programme, or one even more desperate.

Could anything seem more illogical than all that?

This is how subtly, almost imperceptibly the change has come about.

Suez once and for a long time was for the French a splendid and noble gesture. In the last 20 days, with Britain's climb-down to Nasser, which hurt them most, they have begun to realise that continued noble solitude would be terribly expensive.

It is just two weeks ago that deputations from industry led by vast shipping and oil

interests began to hammer on the doors of the Palais Mafignon to tell M. Mollet that his noble bluff of going it alone would lead to nowhere but ruin.

He says 'No'

MOLLET a stubborn, honest, rather unimaginative little provincial mayor of Amiens, flatly refused to climb down.

Afterthoughts—the indigestion stage—among his Suez supporters began to mount, but Mollet argued that a climb-down to Nasser would cost more in lives and loss of face in his Algerian struggle than could be saved by using the Canal on Nasser's terms.

The powerful industrial and economic interests of France only saw it in terms of cash—and they reach far into the heart of France's Parliament.

So Suez is one dish on the menu the price of which began to look too high.

North Africa is the next. I went with Prime Minister Mollet more than a year ago to Algeria. Then he flew in with him 3,000 of the toughest shock police in France—not to protect himself from terrorists but from a million angry French settlers who rightly feared a French Socialist climb-down.

Mollet began to understand the situation. He switched forces from Nato to North Africa. That lost him at least Communist abstention from awkward votes, and brought the Mendes-France Radicals in his Government to a state of revolt.

A shaking

AND his £1,000,000-a-day strong-arm measures in Algeria have only created more terrorists—bigger and better ambushes and financial strain. Trouble, too, goes on in Morocco and Tunisia.

Mollet's defeat comes just before he was due to put through the European Common

Market and Customs Union plans.

They realise the potentialities of the Empire's industrial production. They consider Britain is doing a sharp deal and they have revised their whole view of the European plan.

They have revised them too after realising that they are opening the way to a crushing German competition.

The circle

NATO is on the bill too—and whatever is said from the top in France no one can pretend that the French Man-in-the-Bistro is happy about his new German allies—nor the price of the alliance.

While the bills for each new dish—Suez, North Africa, Nato commitments, and the Common Market—begin to look too high, not only to that Man-in-the-Bistro but the Man-in-the-Boardroom, cost of living, mainly thanks to Algeria, has steadily climbed beyond wage adjustments.

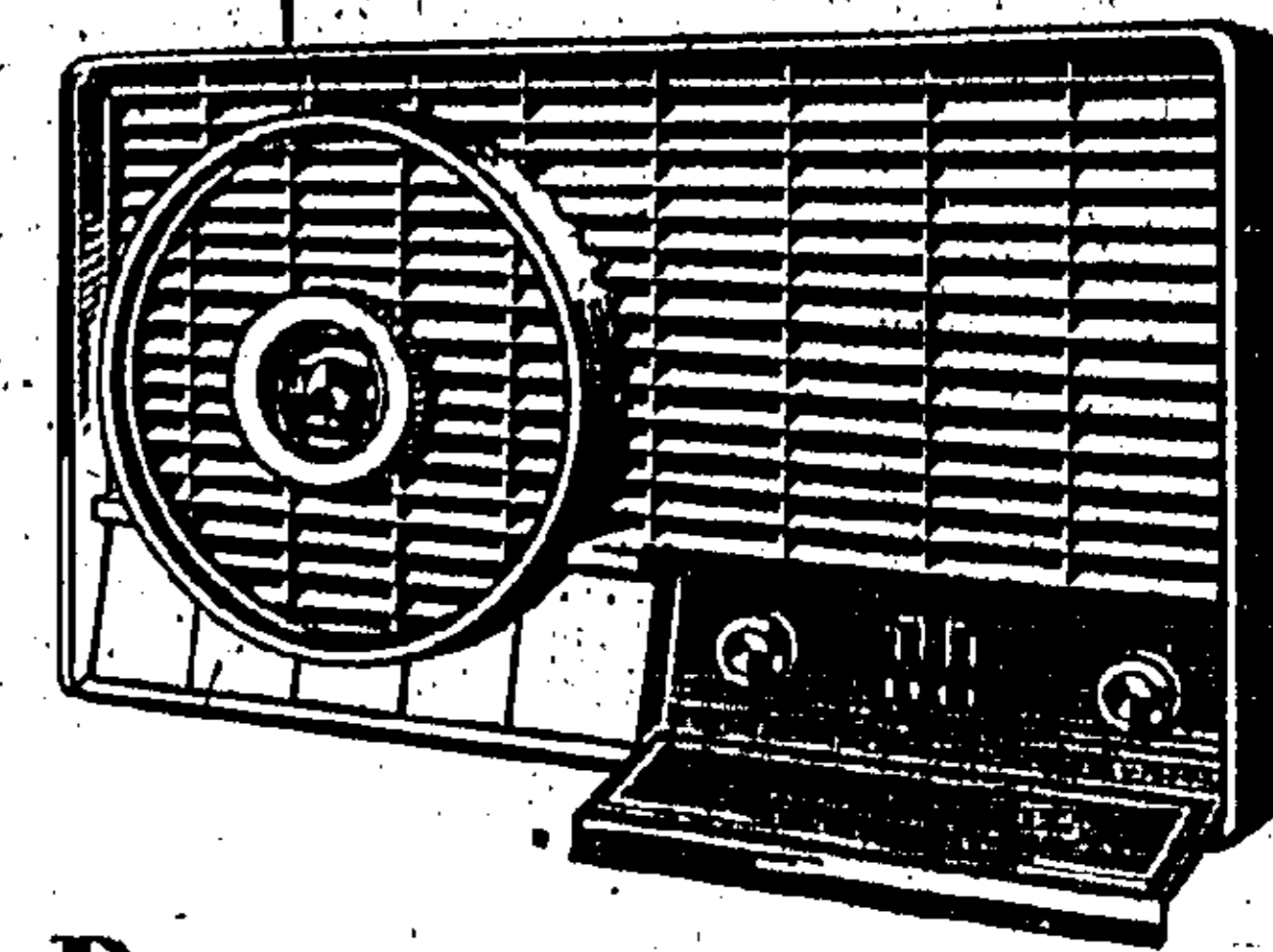
Who can succeed Mollet? A new majority must be found among 408 deputies, excluding the 100 Communists and the half-hundred Poujadists. But Mollet holds over 100 votes in Parliament, and no one can succeed him without Socialist support for just the same programme—just the same bill which the French have refused to pay.



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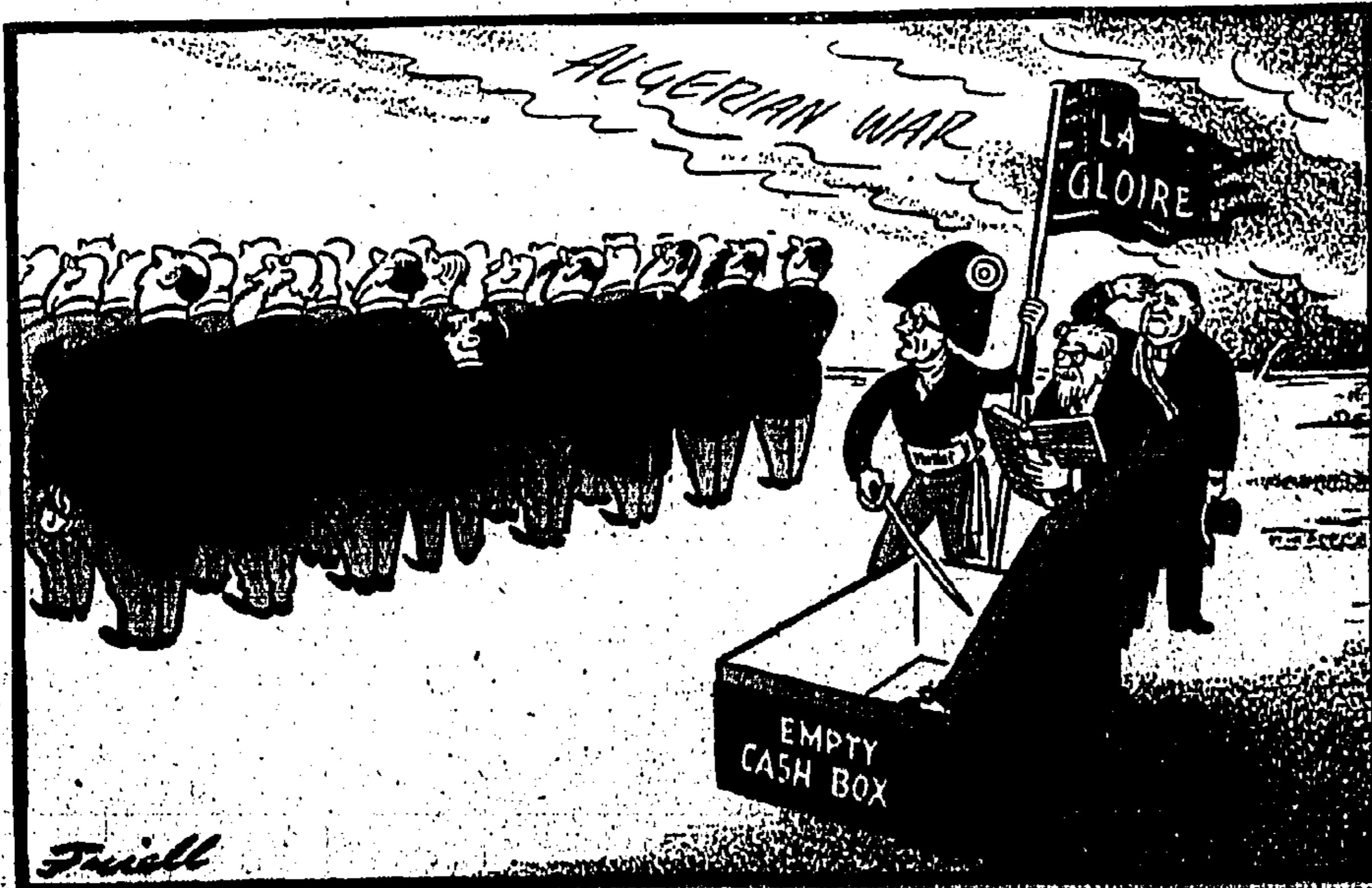
CAFASPIN BAUER

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"I suppose the Foreign Office have noticed that every time Aly Khan gets a new girl the French Government falls!"



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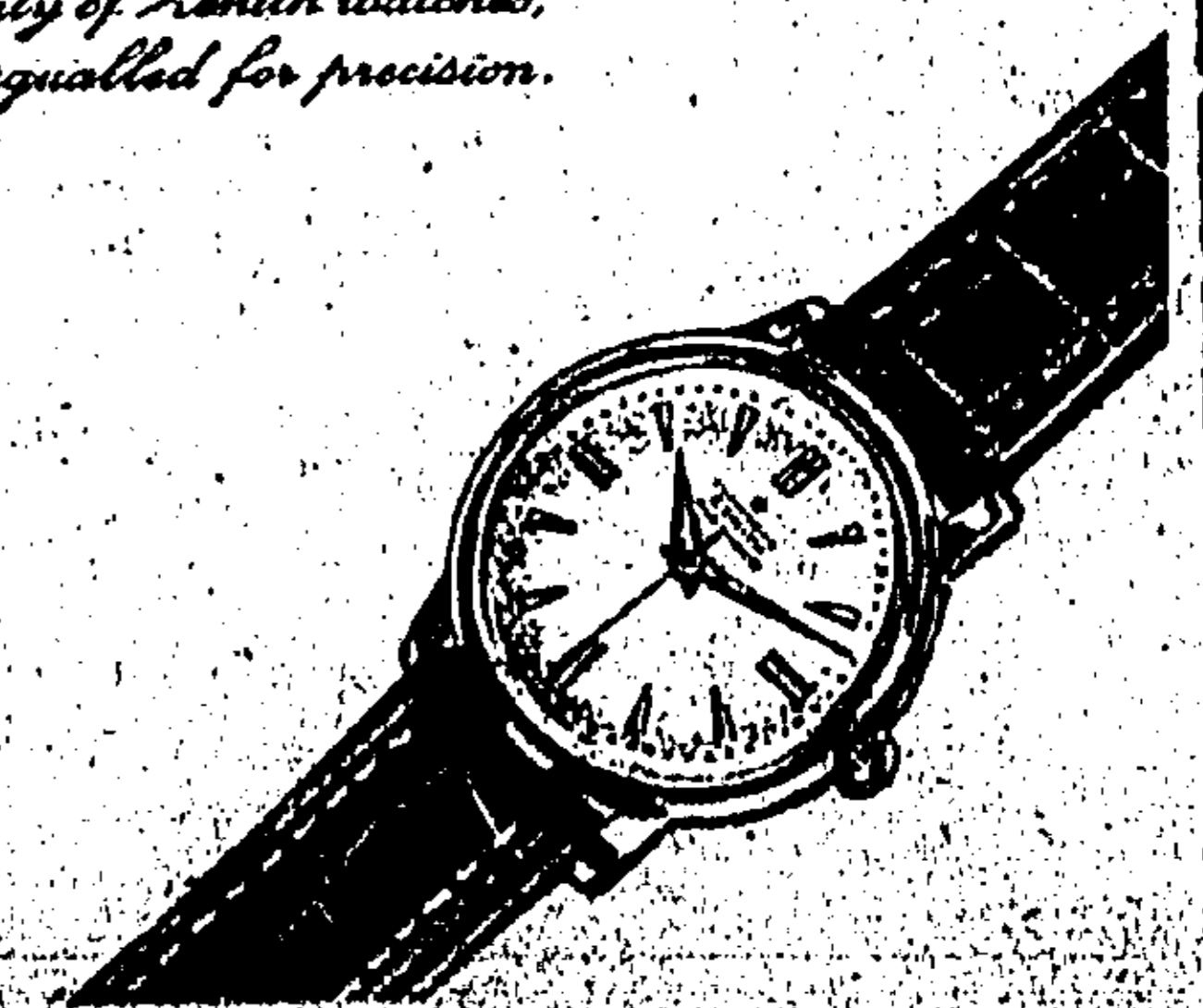
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Paris Decrees A New Look In Make-up

Paris. "TODAY there is no such thing as an ugly woman—only women who do not know how to arrange themselves," said Christian Dior recently in one of the most astute statements for modern women.

Until this century, when the art of artifice through make-up, hair-dress and beauty treatments became socially acceptable, a woman was more or less stuck with the looks which Nature gave her.

Today many of the most charming and attractive women who masquerade as "beauties" throughout the world, have, frankly, peer features in a studied analysis. But they have successfully learned to select make-up and becoming hair-styles, and mastered the subtle trickery of highlighting the best features and minimizing the others.

NATURAL EFFECT

To experiment through trial and error methods with various cosmetics, beauty products and hairdresses costs only a small fraction of a new ensemble, and yet it pays far greater dividends in self-assurance.

Paris decrees that a new woman should be born before she ever begins to wear the latest high-fashion styles. The pendulum has swung to serene "fair-lady" look with a hint of romanticism; a natural effect achieved solely through scientific laboratory products. The new look must be as personal as a wedding ring.

Two popular effects of recent seasons have had their day. The dramatic Oriental-type ramp etched lips and exaggerated eyes rimmed in black, is dead. Likewise her younger gamine sister with short windblown looks, merrily pale lips and pearl white finger nails, is dying. Instead, Paris is turning to the symbolic woman wearing one of the glowing luminous make-ups based on warm ivory or rose foundations, such as "Sheer Gold" which is endorsed by leading courtesiers like Hubert de Givenchy and Lanvin-Castello. Many other firms, such as Roger and Gallet, likewise incorporate these qualities in flattering matte bases, which require little or no powder. French beauticians agree that

less powder makes for a fresher and younger looking skin. The art of eye make-up is as important as lipstick, with lovely new pastel shadows in the turquoise, blue and green accents. Helene Rubinstein pairs silver-green lid shadow with water-proofed dark blue-green mascara. Colour is placed poetically low just over the lashes, and blended lightly over the lids towards the outer corners. Mascara should be applied to the upper lashes only, and then feathered out with a second dry brush.

CARDINAL SIN

The cardinal sin is to focus any attention under the eye, by drawing a pencil line or darkening the lower lashes. This trick is frequently employed by high fashion mannequins, especially for photography, but it has an alarmingly ugly effect on the average woman in broad daylight.

Another unwritten rule in Paris is to "makedown" rather than make-up heavily on one grows older. Cosmetics must also be more skillfully applied for the mature perfectly groomed appearance which is an absolute requisite for the mature woman.

Now lipstick, many of which are practically designed with a single ornamental case, stress the clear magic reds based on orange or mauve undercasts.

Among current favourites are an apple-red shade appropriately named "Fruit de la Forêt" and "Double Zero" shades intended to complement couture colours; and "Perfect Bouffé".

New facial and beauty treatments are literally as exciting as a telephone call from the right man. In leading salons technicians are available to guide and advise for a single session or an entire course.

BEAUTY FOR EVERY AGE

Each woman is a special case with her particular problems, and the art of mass production has at least left us our own personal faces.

Realizing that not everyone can afford a series of revivifying beauty treatments in her Paris salon, Elizabeth Arden periodically offers practical make-up and skincare demonstrations accompanied by lectures before a full house at the Salle Pleyel which seats nearly 6,000 people. "Every woman's right is to look beautiful," says Miss Arden.

There is beauty for every age, but it is up to the individual woman to find "herself."

In an ever-changing fashion world, hair-styling fluctuates as often as the hemline. What was becoming last year looks outdated this season. Again there are specific trends, which evolve, but each woman must analyze what is right for her, aided by a competent hairdresser.

This spring Paris coiffures are based on retrospective themes, with a trend towards longer-length hair, especially at the back.

There are no more scoop bowl cuts, or boyish caps with jagged wisps over the brow; no more furry poodle cuts or shaggy curls. Rather hair is treated as fabric or ribbon, draped and twisted in shining folds swept up smoothly from the nape to imply a slender swan-like neck.

These longer lengths offer numerous changeable possibilities, with a false braid or clipper as an additional boon.

Guillaume revives the lovely Edwardian hairdos epitomized at the turn of the century by the Duchess of Marlborough and the young Queen Alexandra. Other nostalgically romantic styles now being interpreted include the bouffant treatments with side width in big supple waves.

CASUAL RINSES

Charles of the Ritz inaugurated his new Paris salon with the "Madame De" coiffure, named after Louise de Villamora's heroine. The medium-length hair is brushed back from the forehead in a low pompadour wave, with sides looped forward to cover the ears.

Another version is Guillaume's "First Ball" with a centre parting and deep symmetrical waves extended at each side like the wings of a Dutch girl's cap.

Frenchwomen employ hair colouring and rinses as casually as nail varnish. Sun tipped meshes and blonde streaks have been replaced by rich merlot and deep chestnut tones with light and reflections emanating from the individual hair.

Many flattering mutations shades suggest the pastel minks, with a wondrous range of gold and silver-washed hues, or the light champagnes with reddish glints.

The accent is predominantly on light fragile shades, but the raven dark beauty, personified by Elizabeth Taylor's great popularity in France, is still very much in the picture—China Mail Special.

KEEP COOL in a COOLIE HAT



COOL and casual for summer, our model wears a coolie hat and carries a jar-shaped basket of yellow flattened reeds. Her Italian cotton sweater has a man's tie fastening. The skirt, with its fine white stripe, is in permanently pleated cotton.

Counting Your Calories? Times Used To Be Different!

The TRIUMPHS OF GOURMANDS

London. BE sure you keep to a well-balanced diet. Have you counted your calories today? Over-eating creates heart conditions—to mention just one of many ailments.

This is common talk in our present world of timed and frozen foods, of nutrition experts and diet fads.

But it was not always like this. There was a time (and in some rapidly diminishing circles, there is still a time) when food and drink were not only the substance but the guiding force and pleasure behind living.

We have nearly forgotten those days of gourmands and gourmets. Let's not—

let's flash back and look at their delights for just a few moments.

There was a famous gourmand at Cambridge, the Rev. William Collier, whose adventures in eating are recorded in Gunning's *Reminiscences of Cambridge*.

"When I was last in London," said Collier, "I was going to dine with a friend, and passed through a small court just as a lad was hanging up a board, on which was this tempting inscription:

'A roast pig this instant set upon the table.'

IRRISISTIBLE

"The invitation was irresistible—I ordered a quarter; it was very delicate and very delicious. I despatched a second and a third portion, but was constrained to leave one quarter behind, as my dinner hour was approaching, and my friend was remarkably punctual."

Person James Woodford wrote in his diary on May 9, 1782, of a "very agreeable and merry day" spent at the home of a friend:

"We had for dinner first course—stewed fowl, ham and fowls, haricot of mutton, pea soup, and a rum of beef boiled on the side table with roots, etc.

"Second course—Pigeons and asparagus, orange pudding, macaroni, custard, tarts and jelly prettily set off with blancmange coloured like what it represented."

"Dessert—9 dishes—orange almonds and raisins, blanched almonds covered with sweet coloured seeds, apples, cherries preserved, olives cakes. Plates and dishes for the dessert quite new and very beautiful. Madras, port and mountain wines—Parmesan cheese also at dinner.

"After tea and coffee we all played at Loo—at which I neither won or lost anything—Nancy lost sixpence."

And then there was the greatest triumph ever recorded of a gourmand, if not a gourmet. The Viscount de Vill-Castel bet a friend that he could eat a dinner costing 500 francs. He did, and his friend was presented with this bill:

Ostende oysters, 24 dozen	fr. 30
Soup of swallows' nests	180
Boeuf and potatoes Trianon from Lake Geneva	2
Truffled pheasant	40
Salmis of ortolans	40
Asparagus	15
Bananas	50
Strawberries	20
Green peas	12
Wines:	
Johannisberg, one bottle	24
Bordeaux, grand cru, two bottles	50
Constantine, half bottle Sherry, retour de l'Inde, a half bottle	40
Coffee, liqueurs	50
TOTAL	548 90

The Viscount is reported to have left the table with ease, comfort, and the amount of his winnings—6,000 francs. And now for the fatted soup—

—JILL CAREY

FASHION NOTES FROM GERMANY

Exotic Items for Your Holiday Wardrobe

By MAGDA MEYER

ALTHOUGH we in Germany do not have much coastline we are very fond of seaside holidays and are prepared to go a long way to find a beach on which we can laze. Moreover, we are just as interested in the latest beach and swim wear as are the peoples with the sea on their doorstep.

We have to admit that most of the best beachwear comes from Italy, France and America, and many of the ideas which originated in these countries are being copied by German manufacturers or by the clever home dressmaker.

Sketched here on the right are the sort of clothes which I can see are going to be the most popular with German women this summer when they go on that much-looked-forward-to holiday. They might also give you some ideas for your own holiday wardrobe.

THE PONCHO

The striking-looking garment shown top left is called a poncho because of its similarity to the cloak of the same name worn by South American herdsmen. Very popular in Italy at the moment, it would be very easy to make from a square or circular piece of fabric with a hole for your head cut in the middle. Wool felt would be an ideal fabric because it comes in 72-inch widths. This means you could cut it out without any seams. A trimming of gaily-coloured wool embroidery or felt applique would look most attractive on a black background. The jacket can serve double duty as a beach jacket over your swimsuit or as an ordinary jacket over tapered trousers for walking along the promenade.

However, this is a style which only looks the best on a tall girl because it needs a pair of long legs to balance the width and fullness of the poncho, if it is not going to look ridiculous. It would also look ridiculous worn

over anything but a swim suit or ankle-length tapered trousers. The latter you will find most useful on many types of holiday and they can be teamed with all sorts of different sweaters and blouses.

The newest sort of top is the sarong shown top right. This reaches to just under the bust leaving the midriff bare and fastens at the back. Dior first showed it as a complement to a matching dress or skirt, but it makes an attractive sun top on its own.

It is shown in the sketch with the latest thing in frockers—Bernuda shorts. In a plain or a striped flannel, they are all the rage in America just now, both for men and women. Personally, I do not like them and think they are most unflattering except on the fairly tall and slender woman.

From France comes the jaunty 'Maurice' shown lower left. Straight and unfitted, with three-quarter sleeves, it closely resembles the blouse in a sailor's uniform. Knitted in navy blue wool or made up in a navy serge and worn over short white shorts it would not only enhance that resemblance but be in keeping with the season's favourite colour combination.

To add a further fashion note the fish sailor collar should be in a very fine white lawn or chiffon, instead of the more obvious choice of pique.

THE VERY LATEST

If you are going to the seaside for your holiday, at least one bathing suit is essential and you would be wise to take two. You will probably go for a dip more than once a day and there is nothing worse than a partly-dry swimsuit. By taking two suits you can avoid this.

The bikini definitely does seem to be a thing of the past from the fashion point of view, although you can still see a fair sprinkling of them on Mediterranean beaches.

The very latest swim-suits are one-piece in black wool jersey. Reaching well down on the



thighs, they have decollete necklines and three-quarter sleeves. They were first shown in Paris two years ago. Last year the Mallorys produced similar styles. It remains to be seen whether they will really catch on, but in a sun-worshipping age like this I have my doubts.

There is, however, one way in which they do score, which is demonstrated in the centre sketch. By donning only a skirt you can be fully-dressed once more.

Incidentally, you will find odd skirts most useful on holiday and a full, wide one serves as an excellent cover for changing into a swimsuit if there are no proper changing facilities available. Here again felt comes in useful because it is so good-tempered. Even if you roll it up in a bundle with your other clothes while you take a dip,

it will still look gay and crisp. Moreover, it is so easy to make because there is no need for seams or hems on a full, circular skirt.

It is the one-piece suit or mullie (a word which has been coined from the French) which is really popular at the moment. This usually has removable straps which can be detached for sun-bathing so that you do not get ugly strap marks on your tan.

An enterprising thought and construction goes into a swimsuit today as in to a coat and even if your measurements are not as small as you would like them to be, much can be done for them. The newest thing this season in America is a slender one-piece swimsuit of fine wool with its own matching beach jacket (lower right). I think this is a very good idea and one which will catch on.

Simple Elegance In Dior Collection

London. EXPENSIVE but simple elegance of the world's most famous couturier, Christian Dior, went on parade last week in his chandeliered London salon.

The result? Happy applause from the audience. Without stretching his imagination to draw gasps of shock and amusement for his famed "extraordinary creations", Dior showed a definite Dior look in his collection—slightly extreme but practical and desirable for all.

There was drama. But not shock. Dior featured big coats, slightly burred to draw in at the hem—but again no extreme. His colours were browns of every tone—mustard, beige, cocoa, black-and-brown, dull copper—and blacks everywhere.

His suits and coats often featured fixed white collars, to give the big soft top, narrow body look which he seems to

prefer, and in which many of today's women are obviously happy. But this often can be sad style for the too-fat or too-thin woman; it needs a good fair figure to carry it off.

In dresses for late afternoon and evening, Dior offered subtle sort shades of pearl-grey, very soft pink, a lot of black—and two shocking colours of shocking pink. But even here there seemed a subtlety—the inimitable Dior flair for femininity creates a softness in the most severe colours.

One successful coat came in large black and grey tweed check. Worn over a form-fitting tomato red suit, the coat used the suit-collar as its own.

With the exception of that red suit, all Dior suits were loose, low-waisted, and slightly flat-chested. Belts were slotted to fall over the hips, and tailored bows were a recurrent motif.

Dior used gold lame brocade for cocktail and evening wear, along with much velvet and satin. There were many cocktail dresses with jackets. One fascinating combination—a short, loose evening coat of mustard velvet over a pearl satin evening dress.

Father's Day

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SAN FRANCISCO WEDDINGS



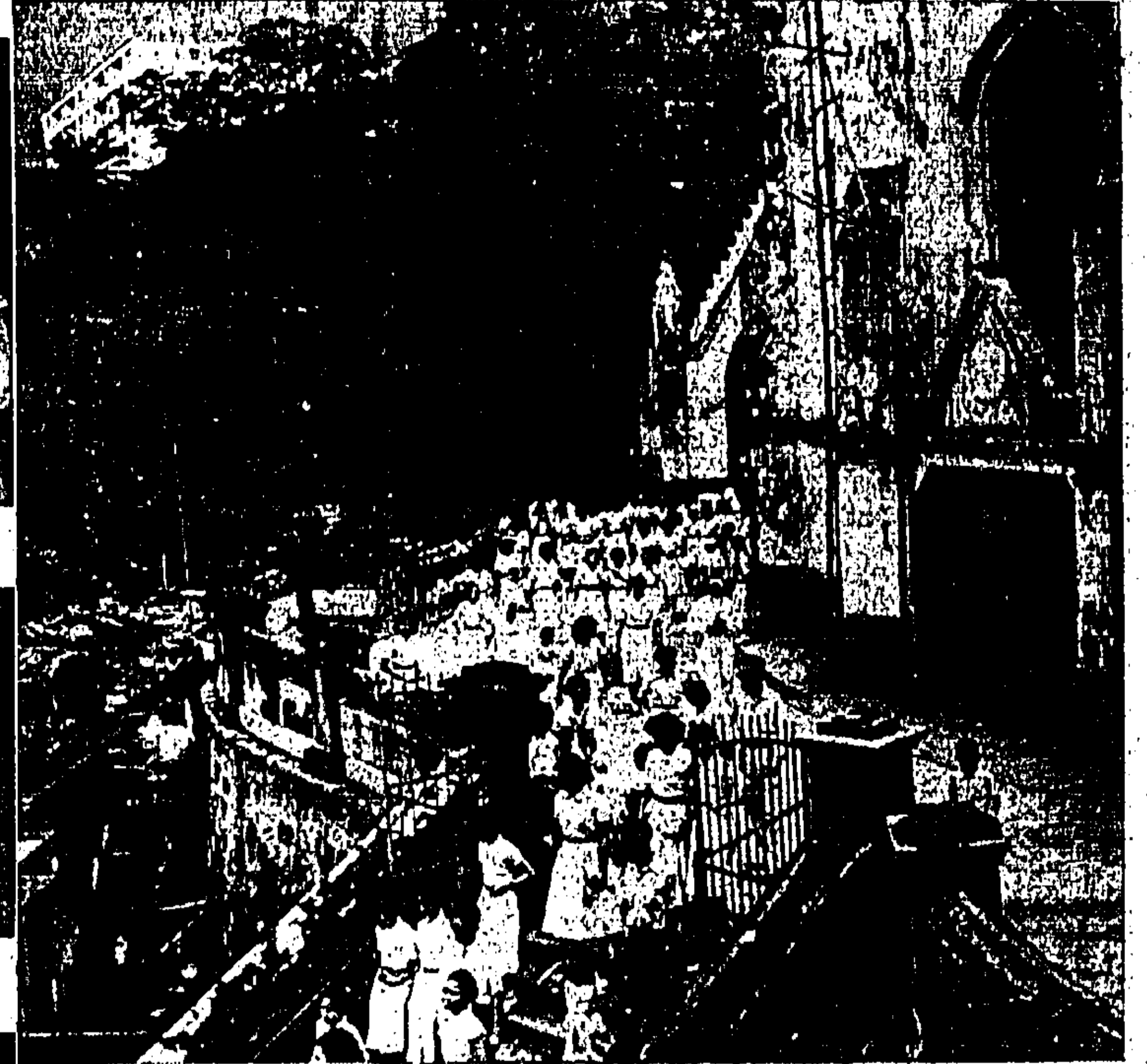
Babloo Sujani, Usha Chainrai, and Kishoo Melwani aboard the M.V. Victoria bound for Bombay.



Leda Taft marries Terry Pomeroy, and call four of them



from Hongkong) Virginia Gonzalez marries Jose Gutierrez.



Commonwealth Youth Sunday was more widely celebrated this year than ever before. Above—school children pouring out of the church after the service, and below—Bishop Hall says goodbye to Sir Alexander and Lady Grantham.



Army, Navy and Radio heavily engaged, and married. Above, Capt. and Mrs. Anthony Hasell (R. Sigs and Radio HK's Susan Gastrell at Victoria Garrison Church); right, Lieut and Mrs C. R. Davies (RASC and QARANC's Sheila Jenkins at St Andrew's); and (righter still) Lieut and Mrs Brian Mermann (RN and "RHK" Hilary Green of "Beginners Please" at Holy Trinity—the HMS Tamar chapel.) (Staff Photographers)



LEFT: Philippine folk dancing at the Foreign Correspondents' Club celebrated the inauguration of a Hongkong-Manila air service by Philippine Air Lines. (Staff Photographers)



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Mr. U. Tat-chee, centre, President of the Hongkong Chinese Manufacturers' Union, brings us this picture of himself and Mr J. B. Kite, Sec. of the Hongkong General Chamber of Commerce, seen with Mr Richard Nixon during the New York World Trade Fair.

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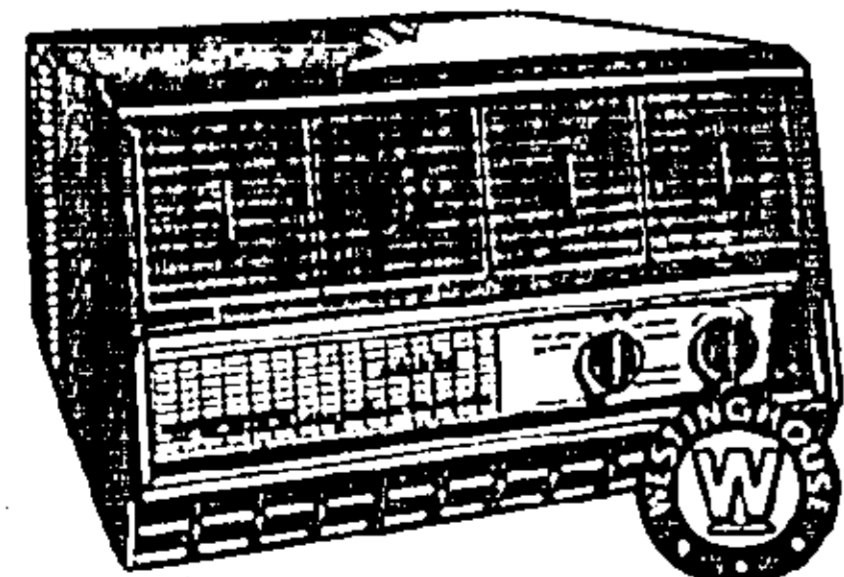
DRAGON BOAT DAY

It was a great day for the sampan people, a day to dress up, or strip for action. Unfortunately sometimes it was a bit of a day for umbrellas too. At Kennedy Town the long slim boats, specially preserved for this one event each year, pounded over their flying spray. At Taipei the shorter everyday craft took part in more homely, but no less popular festivities. And as usual they included a boatload of Foreign Devils. (Staff Photographers)

The trail of the water dragons that have recently attacked this promontory and (more disastrously still) the Chinese mainland behind us, is still here. Right — A father and his 20-month-old daughter were buried when this hut collapsed at Holy Cross village. Only the hen survived. (Staff Photographer)

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MACKINTOSH'S

CASBAH
TONIGHT

Tangier.
It is raining in Tangier.
So up on the mountain overlooking the harbour you cannot see Gibraltar.
I am at a cocktail party. Around me they are talking of the local horse show.

Not about murder. To these wealthy Britons and Europeans who live in the white villas above the town, murder is the least of the worries.
Down in the harbour a man has died swiftly. He was the watchman on a boat blown up by firemen in the War of the Smugglers.
But over the cocktail they talk of the horse show... and the Sultan.

Strange mixture

To these people living in a tax-free paradise the Sultan is important. Because he could put an end to that paradise.
The Sultan is Mohamed V. of Morocco. And Tangier, once an international zone, is now under the Sultan's rule.
Next week he comes to Tangier with a new charter. The charter that could read the pockets of the cocktail drinkers. It is a strange mixture of worlds this. These easy-living Europeans who, with a deliberate, determined insularity, prefer to ignore the other half... the waterfront, the Casbah bars where sudden death is treated as part of the game.
And they are happy in the town. For while the Sultan's coming has gone the one man they really feared.

The tough Briton

COLONEL GERALD RICHARDSON is leaving. He is the ex-C.I.D. man who has headed Tangier's Surcouf.
This tough Briton was the dreaded terror of the killers, the smugglers, the dope runners, and the white slavers who infest Tangier.
Richardson has refused the Sultan's offer of a contract to run the police force. Going away is nearly half of that force, 300 European constables.
The Sultan, it seems, is going to face a tough time if he aims to get some order.
They are weatherbeaten, renegade, Britons, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Arabs who run these smuggling boats.
This bombing sent them fleeing. But since I flew into Tangier I have met some of them around the waterfront bars.
They warned me: "Mind your business."

Robbers, killers

I WALKED down through the Casbah. The coffee houses and bars were packed with smiling customers. A Briton on the run from Birmingham police was my guide and protector.
This is Tangier, where no coroner's inquest is ever held to investigate the cause of any sudden violent death. Tangier, where the law says the dead must be buried within 24 hours. Tangier, where barefooted robbers and killers strike almost nightly in some straggling cobbled alley.
Yes, if the Sultan and the people in the villas were worried, at least they are happy in the Casbah tonight.

From ERIC KENNEDY

by SEFTON DELMER

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

STEPHEN CONSTANT • TOM STACEY

Intelligence Report

WHERE PEOPLE IN THE KNOW FIND THINGS THEY DIDN'T KNOW

One spy goes
but lots are
still here

THE methods used by Eugen Perianu, the Rumanian attache who was thrown out of Britain for spying, are at this very moment being operated by many other Iron Curtain diplomats in London.

British security officers have been given the chance, by the dramatic unmasking

of Perianu, to clean up the spider-web of subversion and soft-gloved blackmail which covers the whole of Britain where Iron Curtain refugees might be living.

The files

THIS is what M.I.5 has learned from the Perianu dossier—

1. THE RANGE OF SUBVERSION. Perianu could lay his finger at any moment on any particular refugee in Britain by means of the "Rumanian Repatriation Committee," which has headquarters in East Berlin and which has patiently compiled files on exiles living in Britain, France, West Germany, and other Western countries.

2. THE METHOD OF SUBVERSION. Perianu's technique was: either to cajole a subject

into returning to Rumania, at least for a visit by offering a good salary job and a fine home for his family there — or blackmail him into returning by insinuated threats against his family.

Then, once in Rumania, to "persuade" the subject into favouring the Communist regime, with inexorable patience.

3. OBJECT OF SUBVERSION. Favourite aim is to bring the conditioned subject back to Britain, as a spy.

What is the future of the many Rumanians in Britain who were involved in Perianu's network?

Many of them may think that no one knows of their existence. But others know only too well that they are being watched.

What of Perianu himself? Is he likely to be seen in the West again?

Two or three Iron Curtain diplomats caught spying and blackmailing, have turned up again under a different name and hair-do—like Mr Simonov, who left the Soviet Commission in Berlin in 1948 and popped up two years later as Mr Gerasimov, a Soviet official in Vienna.

But the majority of Red diplomats who have been caught spying are never seen again in the Free World. Presumably they are relegated for the rest of their days to a back room job in the gloomy paradise. That is—if they are lucky.

FRAME-UPS
WARNING

AMERICAN authorities in Syria and Egypt are urging American firms to send home employees who served U.S. intelligence during the war.

Reason: The State Department is afraid that Nasser and

KING'S 'BACK-DOOR' ESCAPE
PLANE GOES BACK TO RAF

THE RAF helicopter which all through the Jordan crisis had been standing in the stony field behind the royal palace in Amman, is now back in Cyprus.

The "royal" helicopter had been in constant readiness to ferry King Hussein to the RAF airfield at Mafraq if things got too hot for him.

COMMENT: Fascinating inside glimpse this. It reveals—

1. Extent to which Old Hattorian Hussein still counts on his British ex-allies;

2. That the king now feels that his regime is once more safe and stable.

But what will he do if there is another crisis, and no RAF at Mafraq?

his Nationalist-Communist allies may seek to frame Americans as spies in the same way as they have attempted to frame the Britons now on trial in Cairo.

American diplomats in the Middle East have been taken aback by the rapidly with which the Arab nationalists have switched their attack from the British to the Americans.

They believe Nasser will use the same tricks and lies to discredit the Eisenhower doctrine which he used against the British at the time of Suez.

SNOWBALL
RELIGION

KREMLIN leaders are concerned about the snowball success of a religious sect in Russia called the "Children of God."

According to the Kremlin, the "Children of God"—young people most of them—refuse to shave, refuse to send their children to the Government schools, and avoid all contact with non-believers.

Now they are being rounded up and sent to labour camps. The trouble is even in the camp they make converts.

MORE RED
MISSILES?

LATEST survey of Soviet air power by Nato's intelligence experts suggests that the Russians, like ourselves, may be concentrating on missiles at the expense of aircraft.

They have only one new bomber in preparation, a light supersonic bomber, with a crew of two.

Pointers that the Russians are concentrating on missiles—

1. Soviet missile-launching ramp construction has been speeded up in Czechoslovakia and East Germany.

2. Russia is busy with an unusually prolonged series of nuclear tests in Siberia.

3. The Kremlin's threats against Nato members are now being couched in terms of missile instead of bomber reprisal.

Danger Upstairs

BUT by bit the power and authority of the House of Commons is being sapped away as more and more decisions are being taken by the party committees behind closed doors.

Gradually Britain is being faced with a major constitutional revolution—in which the party caucus in discussion determines policy in secret and the open debate in the Commons becomes a polite farce.

Viscount Hinchinbrooke, leader of the Tory rebels over Suez, is the latest person to draw attention to a situation which many politicians regard with the utmost concern.

"Nothing," he told his constituents, "has been more remarkable since the war than the development of secret debates in committee rooms upstairs, while debate in the House has become sterile."

"I believe that more and more people in the country are feeling that we are not getting real government by discussion in the House."

Well, how does all this concern you? How does it affect the right and position of the voter?

First of all you never know just why it is that your M.P. voted in any given way. His

reasons may be excellent—but they have been set out in a private committee from which the Press is excluded.

THE 'LINE'

THE long battle over Suez in the Tory Party has been fought largely behind closed doors. There have been secret meetings of the 1022 Committee, the Foreign Affairs Committee, the Defence Committee, and so on.

And nobody would seek to deny that many more M.P.s have voiced criticism at these committees than have subsequently criticised in the House of Commons.

Nobody disputes that their opinions have been genuinely altered by the arguments they heard—but why cannot we all hear these arguments? In fact, can democracy truly operate behind the locked door of a committee room?

For once the party line has been established it is hard indeed for any M.P. to take a contrary view. I know few Tory M.P.s who agreed with the stand taken by Mr Nigel Nicolson (Bournemouth, East) and Brigadier Sir Frank Medlicott (Norfolk, Central) in opposing intervention in Suez. I know of fewer M.P.s of all parties who agree that the constituency parties are right to sack them.

What happens now that the party line has changed? Are the eight M.P.s who resigned the whip and the six other Tories who abstained to be fired as well?

How is a constituency party to judge? It would seem that there is a grave danger of every M.P. being faced with one commandment only—Thou Shalt Obey the Party Leaders.

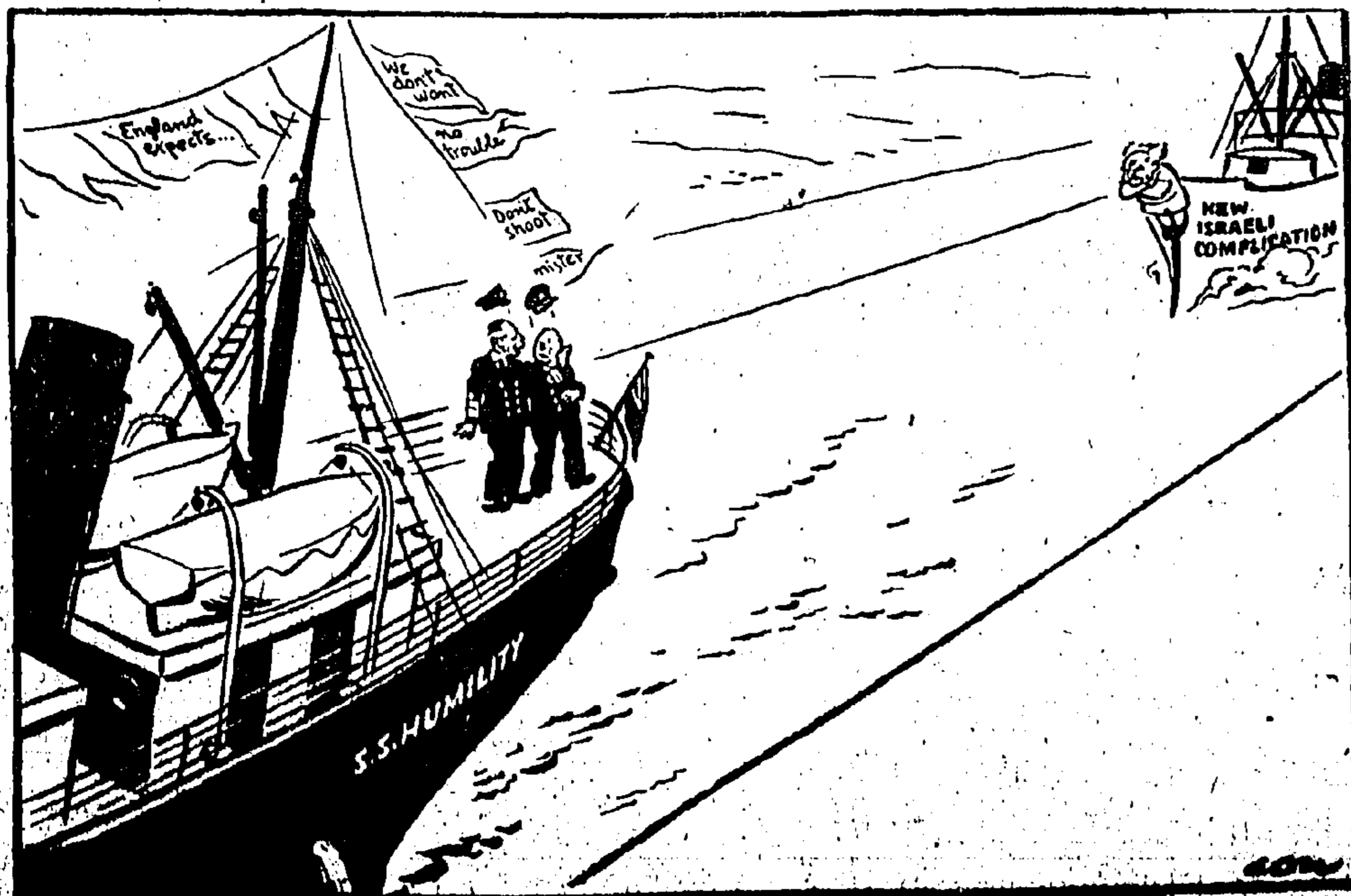
Of course, there must always be secret talks in politics as in everything else. But what is in dispute is whether it is tolerable that major issues of policy that concern every one of us—which may in the end determine the vital issues of war or peace—can any longer be conducted by private meetings and that thereafter all public controversy within a party should be actively discouraged.

THE VOTER

THIS is a grave and serious constitutional issue. It concerns not only M.P.s—though their rights are immediately concerned—but also it concerns the voter.

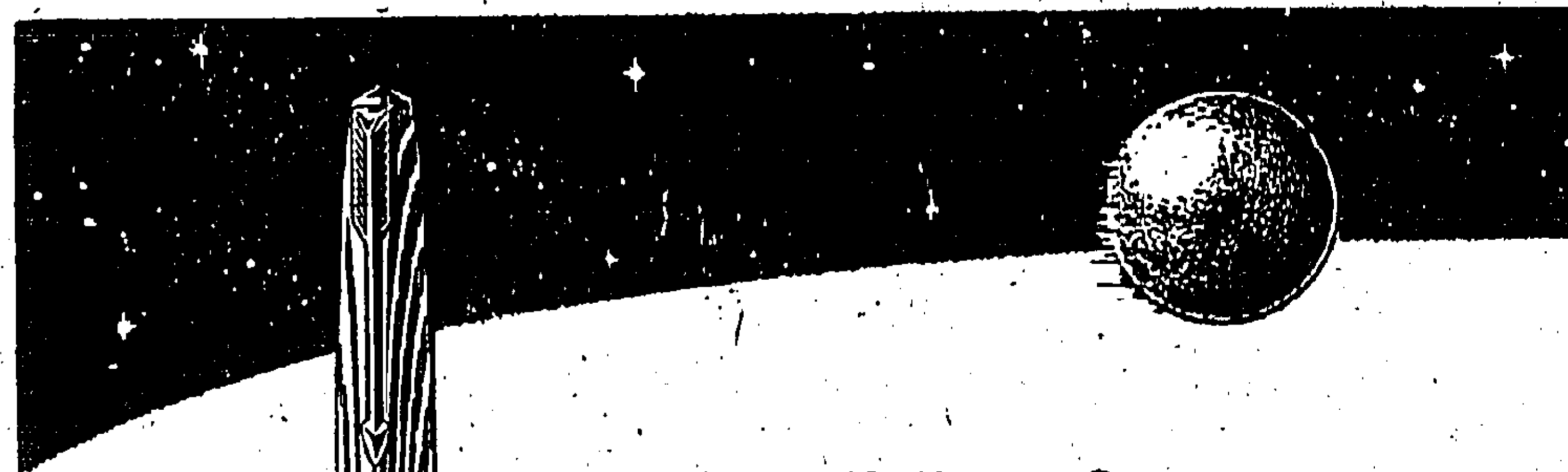
At election time the voter is a fine fellow to whom lush promises may be made. It would seem fair that he should know just why it is not all the promises are always fulfilled. Just why it is a fine thing to go into Suez one day, and an equally fine thing to scuttle out the next.

by Derek Marks



DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED

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Caril Stapleton's Column

This girl may edge out the men

A BEWITCHED 21-year-old Nancy Whiskey boarded a London-bound plane the other night after a reception in New York, a disc-jockey convention in Chicago, and the full red-carpet treatment. All for a girl who literally went hungry in London last year.

In this hep-happy and sometimes daffy disc-land the male singer has had all the glamour.

In the sales charts the girls have proved a drab lot over the past few years, and rarely challenged the men.

This unnatural state of affairs should be changed—and I believe that the girl with the intoxicating name and style has started to do it.

Her singing of "Freight Train" on the Charles McDowell recording made U.S. Tin Pan Alley take notice.

They know what to do with potential stars over there—and they don't waste any time. The record was only 35th in the Best Sellers in America—No. 10 here—but the operators rushed to the Transatlantic phone.

They told the startled Nancy: "Come right over."

Before she went she sat in my office radiating bewilderment and delight. "When that call came through, I remembered how hungry I'd been when I first came to London."

She never planned to be a Hit Parade singer. After Charles McDowell had made that trial recording of "Freight Train"—the song he wrote himself—it was hawked around the recording studios without success.

Now with a British recording of a British number featured by such a valuable property as Miss Whiskey, Oriole records must be dancing with glee at its American impact.

Two years ago a record surpassed pop's spinners band-leader Jimmy Dorsey to make an instrumental record. Dorsey—brother of the late Tommy Dorsey, and an old-timer in experience—didn't want to know. "I've had it," he said. "The kids aren't interested."

But the executive wouldn't give up. Finally, Dorsey gave in. He recorded "So Rare," an old favourite of the thirties. It was released last January, and Dorsey eyed the returns anxiously. In two weeks just TWENTY-FIVE records had been sold. So Dorsey gave a horse-laugh and turned his back on the flop.

Then suddenly the disc-jockeys gave the record a spin, and sales started to leap. Now "So Rare" is sixth in the lists, with 750,000 copies sold. Ironically, Dorsey lies gravely ill in hospital after a throat operation. He may never play the saxophone again.

VERA AGAIN

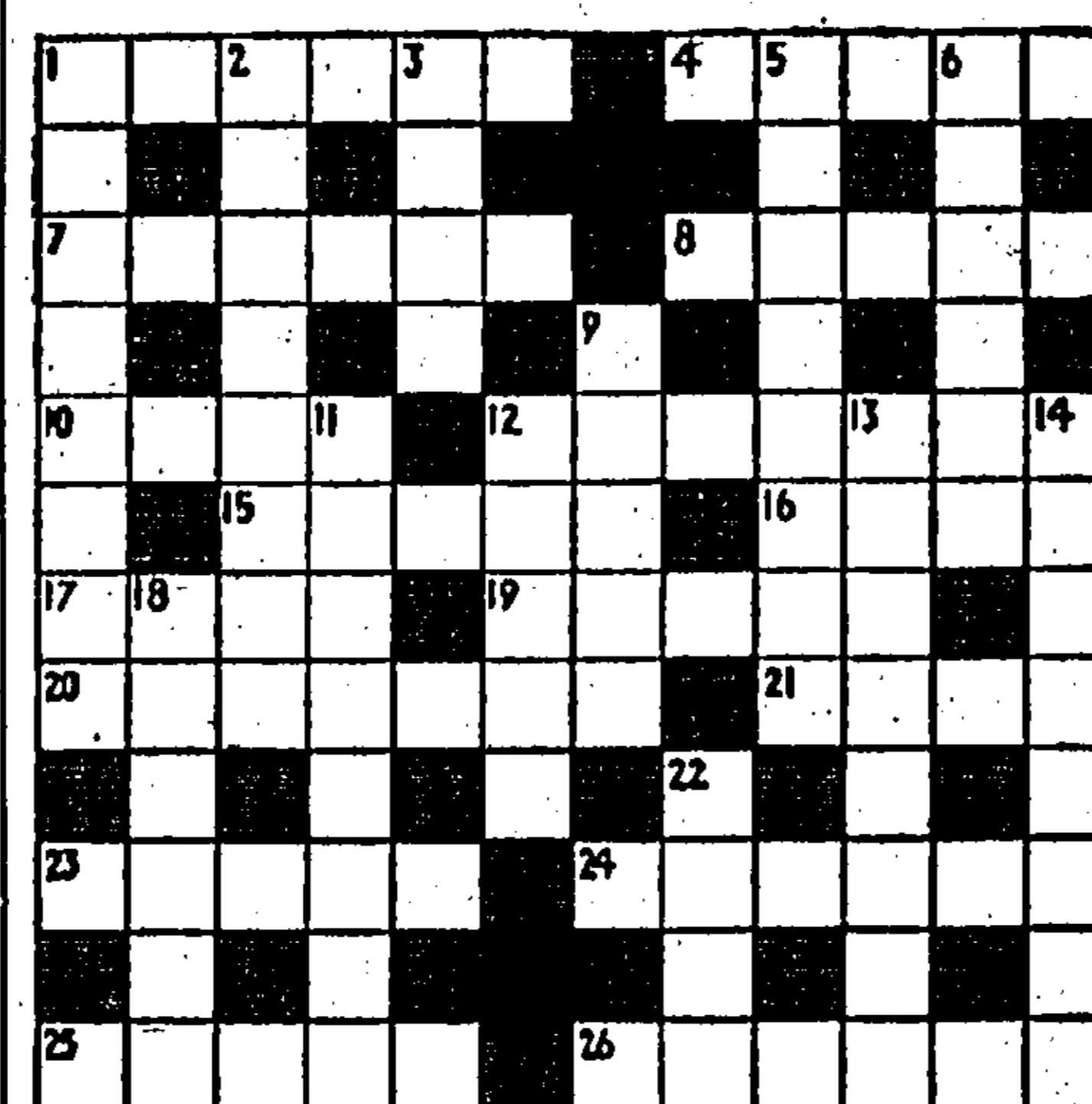
HISTORY looks like repeating itself for Vera Lynn. Her best-selling record was "Auf Wiedersehen"—a German song

that kept her in the American Hit Parade for 13 consecutive weeks, an all-time, all-comers' record. And it sold over 2,000,000.

Last year she made "Faithful Huscar," another number of German origin. It didn't cut much ice over here, but it has just been released in the States under the title of "Don't Cry My Love" and it's being greeted over there as a natural.

Gimmickers may go—but Lynn has the stamina to go on for ever.

A British Crossword Puzzle



1. Nodded (6).
2. Chief (6).
3. Concurred (6).
4. Bird (6).
5. Imputed (4).
6. Solace (7).
7. Of less importance (5).
8. Encourage (4).
9. Part of the foot (4).
10. Unhappy (5).
11. Made certain of (7).
12. Christmas (5).
13. Margin (6).
14. Dislodge (6).
1. Chief (6).
2. Opposite ends (6).
3. Nobleman (4).
4. Collection of explanations (8).
5. Fit for consumption (6).
6. Wearied (5).
7. Veiled (5).
8. Intimidated (6).
9. Stubborn (5).
10. Spirit-like (6).
11. Allure (6).
12. Sleep of mercy? (4).
1. Nodded (6).
2. Chief (6).
3. Concurred (6).
4. Bird (6).
5. Imputed (4).
6. Solace (7).
7. Of less importance (5).
8. Encourage (4).
9. Part of the foot (4).
10. Unhappy (5).
11. Made certain of (7).
12. Christmas (5).
13. Margin (6).
14. Dislodge (6).

Read at the double — and save time

by HAROLD M. HARRIS

HOW fast do you read? Can you keep up with the mass of reports, documents, and journals which most industrial executives and professional men have

to read to do their job efficiently?

Many big firms find that the quantity of essential papers cannot be reduced. Yet their executives spend so much time reading that little is left for working. The only solution is to increase the speed of reading. But can this be done?

DIFFERENT

I have just taken a course which set out to prove that it can. My problem was slightly different. As literary editor, I have to read large numbers of books and stories. Some can be skimmed; many have to be read thoroughly.

If I could double my speed (without spoiling my comprehension) I could in theory read twice as much. This was what I hoped. So I paid a guinea and enrolled in the Reading Efficiency Class at the North-Western Polytechnic at Kentish Town.

Similar classes have been held for years in America, but they have been slow in getting established in England. Outside London there are quick reading courses in technical colleges at Salford and Birmingham, and at Edinburgh University. In addition, at least four big industrial firms run classes for their own employees.

There used to be a privately run course in London. The fee was 50 guineas. Now the only class is the one at Kentish Town. For 12 consecutive Monday evenings I have been re-learning how to read. I was one of 15 would-be faster readers who enrolled. Only eight of us

were still trying to brush up our reading at the 12th lesson. The instructor, Mr. E. F. Hart, timed us over a fairly stiff extract from a Reith lecture by Bertrand Russell on our first evening. My speed was 292 words per minute, 25 quicker than the average for the group. I was full of confidence.

Then he asked us some questions on what we had just read. My confidence disappeared. I secured 2½ out of 10 for comprehension. This was to chattering to my self-esteem that I deliberately cut my speed. My average over the first three lessons was 231 words per minute. For the whole class it was 245. Over the last three sessions, my average was 323, which was one word a minute faster than the group average.

The course is based on a system of training devised by Harvard University. Research has shown that we read in jerks. Our eyes take in a word or phrase, and then move on to the next word or phrase. We do not read while our eyes are moving, which takes up from six to 10 per cent of our reading time.

LONGER PHRASE

The aim of the course is to teach us to widen the span of the eye and also to reduce the period of fixation, so that we read a longer phrase in a shorter time.

Firms have been prepared at Harvard as a mechanical aid. Reading passages are shown on the screen, moving at first by one-fifth of a line at a time. The span is widened during the course and the films speeded up.

There are 16 films, and the first runs at 200 words a minute. The last film flashed by at 510 words a minute, and we were then reading half a line at a time.

Most bad reading habits are ingrained in us by the time we are in our teens. Some people,

who lack confidence, read the same passage twice; some read each word semi-audibly. Instructor Hart points out the faults and tries to cure them. His own reading speed is between 350 and 400 words a minute.

The results of each class are carefully noted as part of the research into quick reading which is being carried out by the North-Western Polytechnic. For this work they get a government grant from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

FOR PLEASURE

One member of our group, Mr. J. Ellis, a methods engineer, who wants to speed up his personal reading for pleasure, said at the end of the course: "I think I've got through more reading recently." Mr. V. J. Roscoe, an actuary, was more cautious. He has to read a large number of magazines, papers and articles on insurance. "I hope it's helped," was as far as he would commit himself.

Mr. Rog Williams, a civil service executive, was even more sceptical. "I still find myself reading the Sunday newspapers on Wednesdays," he said. "All the course has done is help me to keep up with the subtitles on foreign films."

One thing still holds me back. When I start trying to step up the words per minute, I find myself thinking about the speed and stop taking in what I am supposed to be reading.

FOOTNOTE: At our last session we read another passage from the Reith Lecture by Bertrand Russell. My speed (308 words per minute) was not very high, but I scored 8 out of 10 for comprehension (compared with that opening 2½). So perhaps the course was not wasted on me after all.

London Express Service.

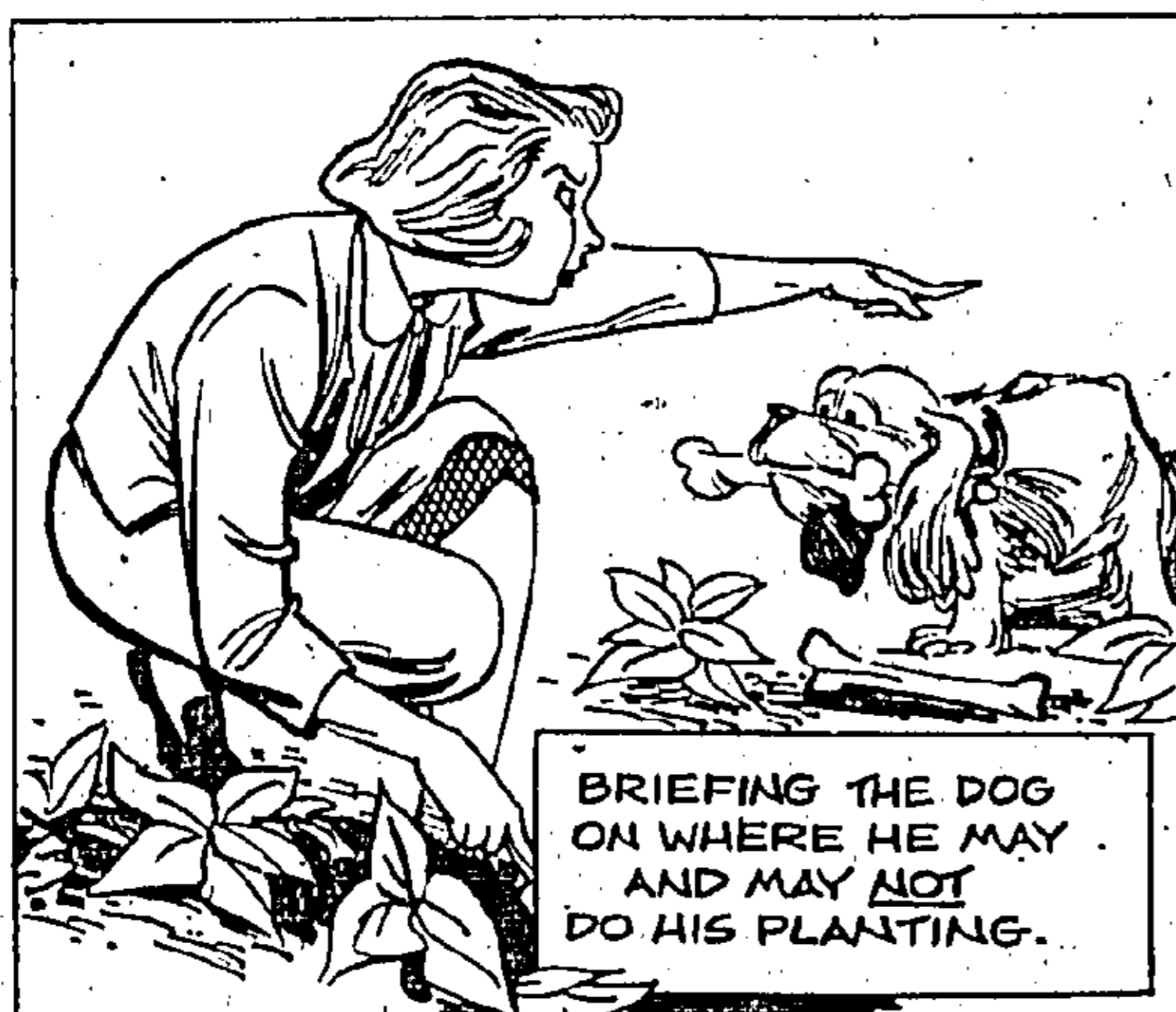
THE TOP TEN

1. BUTTERFLY. And's Williams (London) (2).
2. ROCK-A-BILLY. Guy Mitchell (Philips) (1).
3. YES, TONIGHT, JOSEPHINE. Johnnie Ray (Philips) (7).
4. WHEN I FALL IN LOVE. Nat "King" Cole (Capitol) (4).
5. CUMBERLAND GAP. Lorraine Donegan (Pye-Nixa) (3).
6. NINETY-NINE WAYS. Tab Hunter (London) (8).
7. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN. KATHLEEN. Slim Whitman (London) (—).
8. BABY BABY. Teen-Agers (Columbia) (5).
9. TOO MUCH. Elvis Presley (H.M.V.) (10).
10. FREIGHT TRAIN. Charles McDowell Group (Oriole) (9).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Seed Time

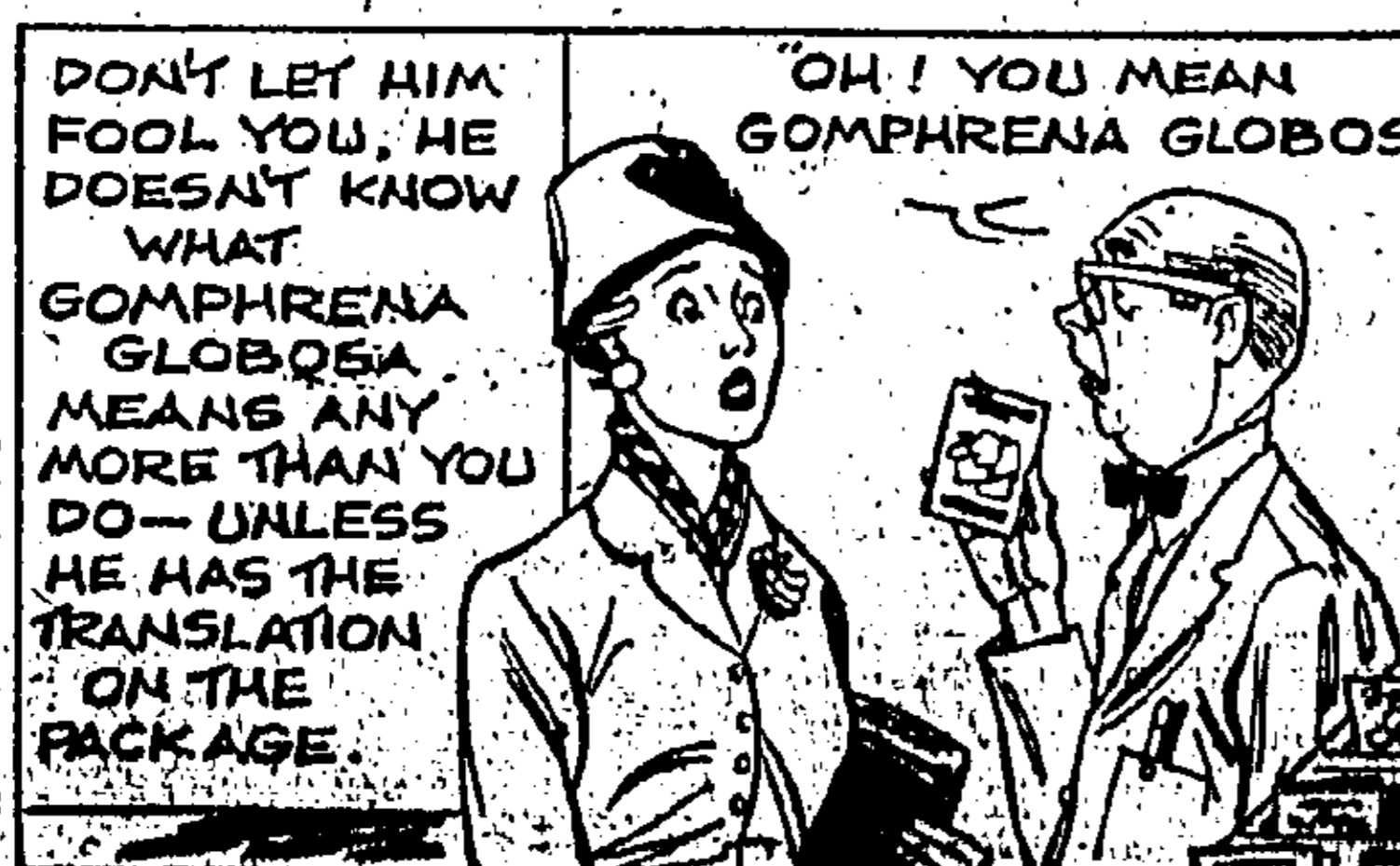
BY HARRY WEINERT



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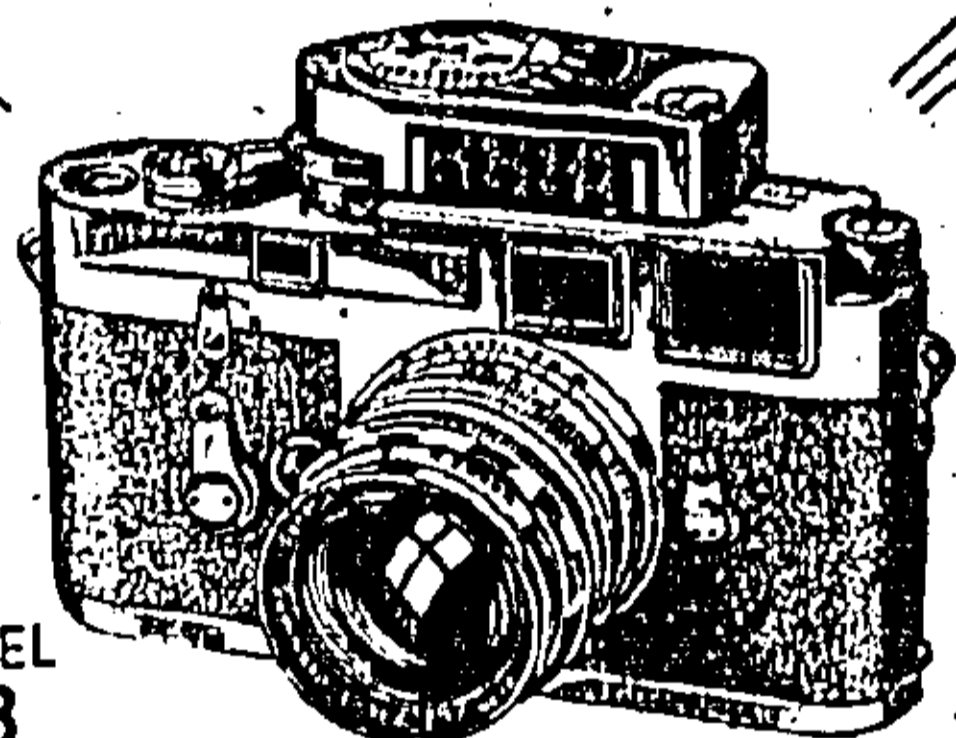
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I. M. MacTAVISH TAKES A LOOK AT OUR NEXT SOCCER SEASON

There May Not Be So Many Changes Of Affiliation

The 1956-57 season has now slipped into the record books and apart from South China's final position as triple champions there is little cause to remember it with any particular pleasure.

It is usually accepted as conventional that at this time of the year soccer writers should take time out to produce a retrospect of the season, but, just as though I had to remind you, I have never worried very much about convention and the likes . . . so I hope you think, as I do, that it would be much more profitable if we were to do a bit of looking forward.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Boxing

1st Division: IRC "Blue" v KBCG, TC v IRC "Gold", KDC v KBCG, KCC v CCC.

2nd Division: USMC v PRC, FC v KBCG, KCC v CCC.

3rd Division: Stanley v HKCC, IRC v KBCG, KCC v CCC.

Ladies' 2nd Division: FC v KDC.

Regatta

RHKVC Closing Regatta, Dragon Class, 10 a.m.

SPORTS QUIZ

- In which country did Lacrosse originate?
- Where are the Motor Cycle Tourist Trophy races held?
- Where were the Olympic Games held in 1936?
- What is the most famous yachting event?
- Who were knighted for services to motor racing?
- What is the position of the outman immediately facing the cox?
- How many balls are used in snooker?
- Who was Suzanne Lenglen?
- What game do you associate with Tom Recco?
- On what surface is curling played?

(Answers—See Page 17)

A Quick "Cap"

Bill Alley has been awarded his county "cap" after only five first-class matches for Somerset. This is a record. Alley, formerly of New South Wales, is an all-rounder who has played in the Lancashire League for Colne and Blackpool and in the Birmingham League for West Bromwich and Darlington. In his five Somerset games he has scored 355 runs and taken twelve wickets. His fellow-Australian, Ken Greaves, of Lancashire and a Bolton Wanderers and Bury goalkeeper, has had a "double" recently. He scored over 200 against Cambridge University and then his wife presented him with twins!

The soccer crystal gazer could very easily be heading for trouble but nevertheless it might be worth our while to speculate a little on the football future of the game in Hongkong.

Let us take a glance at club affairs—both on and off the field of play.

If one believes just a half of the rumours that are flying around then it would seem that we shall once again be forced to witness the mad scramble for players that has virtually scandalised the very name of football in recent years.

The sagas have it that all sorts of player switches are certainly going to take place in this club and that has changed its attitude to its previous policy of star-gathering; that this or that player has definitely decided to change his loyalty and his football shirt before the new season comes around.

SELDOM ACCURATE

Such is popular gossip. But then it is seldom accurate.

From sticking my ear close to the ground and trying to translate the various rumblings into fact or even into something resembling common sense, I believe that much of the speculation is going to prove itself ill-founded.

As I read the current signs it seems to me there will be much less club switching than in the immediate past . . . but of course circumstances could easily be influenced by unexpected happenings during the long overseas tours which many of the teams are undertaking. Nevertheless I believe that in general most of the big Chinese clubs will probably manage to hang on to the players they want most . . . although they may have to accept the fact that here and there a disgruntled star and some of the lesser lights will desert on a move in the hope of improving their status.

One can hardly blame young players for viewing the matter in the light of advancement, but I hope that before they go diving in at the deep end they will pause for a moment or two and recall the untimely eclipse of potential stars like Lee Tai-tung, Fong Sai-chew and Ng Wal-man who stepped out of their depth too soon.

If South China are to retain their position as the Colony's premier side they must find a key defender before old ego finally puts that grand old warrior, Chan Kar-sai, on the pension list.

KMB are, to my way of thinking, in the most vulnerable position of all. This season they had a team that often promised much but all too frequently produced very little. Worst of all, from the team management's point of view, was the alarming fact that when the tide was flowing the wrong way the players showed a lamentable lack of fighting spirit and a decided deficiency in dogged determination to struggle back against unfavourable circumstances.

AVERAGE ABILITY

A famous English manager said not so very long ago . . . "give me eleven players of average ability who are willing to fight every inch of the way for their side and I'll achieve success . . . but I'm afraid eleven accomplished, but temperamental or reluctant stars will gain me very little indeed." It might have been spoken by the KMB manager himself.

Easterners are in a strange position. They tried to blend youth and experience in the same side on what is generally considered to be a successful soccer recipe. This time it simply didn't come off and I felt it failed because the "big" names in the side were reluctant to

give the youngsters who joined them the vital encouragement they needed.

One can recall for example the sad sight in an important game as the team sidlyper virtually turned his back on schoolboy star King Wah-let when—after getting a nasty knock—the youngster wanted to make a positional change. He had been reduced to little more than a passenger yet symmetrical leadership was missing.

The Eastern team spirit, like that of KMB, was often suspect and it is easy to recall the violent recriminations that took place when the Police pegged them back to a two-all draw in an exciting game at Boundary Street.

These symptoms suggest that there will have to be some adjustment in the line-up if the Eastern officials hope to recapture their successful norm of a year ago when they finished the season as Double Champions.

It will be interesting to see how KMB prepare for the new season. Although they eventually finished as runners-up to South China in the League they did so on the strength of a good run in the early part of the season . . . but sad to say they were one of the poorest sides in the competition during the closing weeks.

WETTEST OF SQUIBS

Their star-gathering policy proved to be one of the wettest of wet squibs we have seen in a long time. Big names neither got the ball into the net nor kept it out. They may fill the stadium for a time but the soccer fans are no fools and big names without big performances soon have their effect . . . not only in attendance but also in team loyalty. KMB will have to think deeply before September arrives.

The Services sides do not, of course, enjoy the luxury of a planned team building campaign from one season to the next. They are very much in the hands of the fates and power that post reinforcements to the Colony. A lucky toss of the clerical coin can throw up a star-studded side . . . or, of course, the exact opposite can happen.

One can only hope that the fates will be kind this time and that the Army and the Royal Air Force will both be able to field teams fully capable of meeting the top Chinese sides on level terms.

The Hongkong Football Club must be looking to the future with an understandable sense of apprehension. Several of their staunchest players are due to proceed on home leave and, as far as I can see, there is little suggestion that adequate suitable replacements are going to be available.

The Police side has shown a marked improvement since the arrival of Hunter in the Colony. This powerful, hard tackling pivot has imparted a solidarity and mobility to the defence which it has not shown in recent seasons and if a hole or two can be plugged up, this often underrated side could upset some of the more fancied ones next season.

A REVIVAL

I believe too we may see something of a revival in the fortunes of Sing Tao who lingered in the relegation zone for much too long this season and who at one time seemed to be in real danger of going down to a lower division.

That brings us to Kwong Wah and CAA who may once again strike very much the same soccer note as they did in the season just ended. I think much will depend on the talent left over by the star-chasing outfits at the top of the League . . . and that leaves only Jardine's. Watching the side in action in the Second Division one got the impression that they were strong enough to give several of the big-timers a run for their money.

Such an attitude was truly shaken up during the Stanley Shield when the seven men representing the Second Division champions looked back on their defeat. One can only hope

FOR WORLD SPEED RECORD



An MG car has been specially built for British ace driver Stirling Moss, who will attempt to beat the world land speed record for 1,500 c.c. cars at Salt Flats, USA, in August. The record for this class—set up in 1939—is 204.2 m.p.h. Picture top shows Stirling Moss seated in the car. Holding the measure is Mr Sidney Enever, chief engineer and designer, and behind him is Mr John Thornley, director and general manager of the MG Car Company; picture bottom shows a view of the MG which Moss will drive in his record attempt.—Express Photo.

PEOPLE ARE APT TO GET THE WRONG IMPRESSION ABOUT PETER MAY

Says DENIS COMPTON

Test cricket selection is a tough job, and Test captaincy is even tougher. But, before you start feeling too sympathetic towards England's captain, Peter May, and his co-selectors, let me tell you why they are well able to look after themselves.

They have learned in a hard school. Don't forget that this year all members of the England Selection Committee have known the problems of captaincy and leadership from first hand. Each has had wide experience and success in this field.

As for Peter Barker Howard May—to give him his full name—people are apt to get the wrong impression about him. Because he is such a pleasant, well-mannered, and quiet chap off the field, they see him as being too refined for the grim business of Test captaincy. What they don't know is that the softly-spoken, delightful personality becomes a different man out in the middle. He knows what he wants, and he knows what to do.

He plays the game honestly but hard. Peter knows how to give it out, as well as to take. The transformation from the rather shy, slim youth to a determined and positive personality with a will and way of his own has come about over the last few years. Responsibility has hardened Peter May. At first he listened and learned. Now others do the listening to him.

PLEASANT MANNER

In my experience he has become a very sound and constructive leading light at selection meetings. He has a pleasant manner in making his point. But once the point is made he sticks resolutely to it. There is only one thing that worries me about Peter. He is so conscientious and keen, I

and so we can put the old season to rest. I missed a bit out of the middle when I was in the U.S., but judging by what I saw at the start and the finish it was never better than mediocre. Let us now look forward to the 1957-58 edition with enthusiasm and with the hope that it will be everything that this one failed to be.

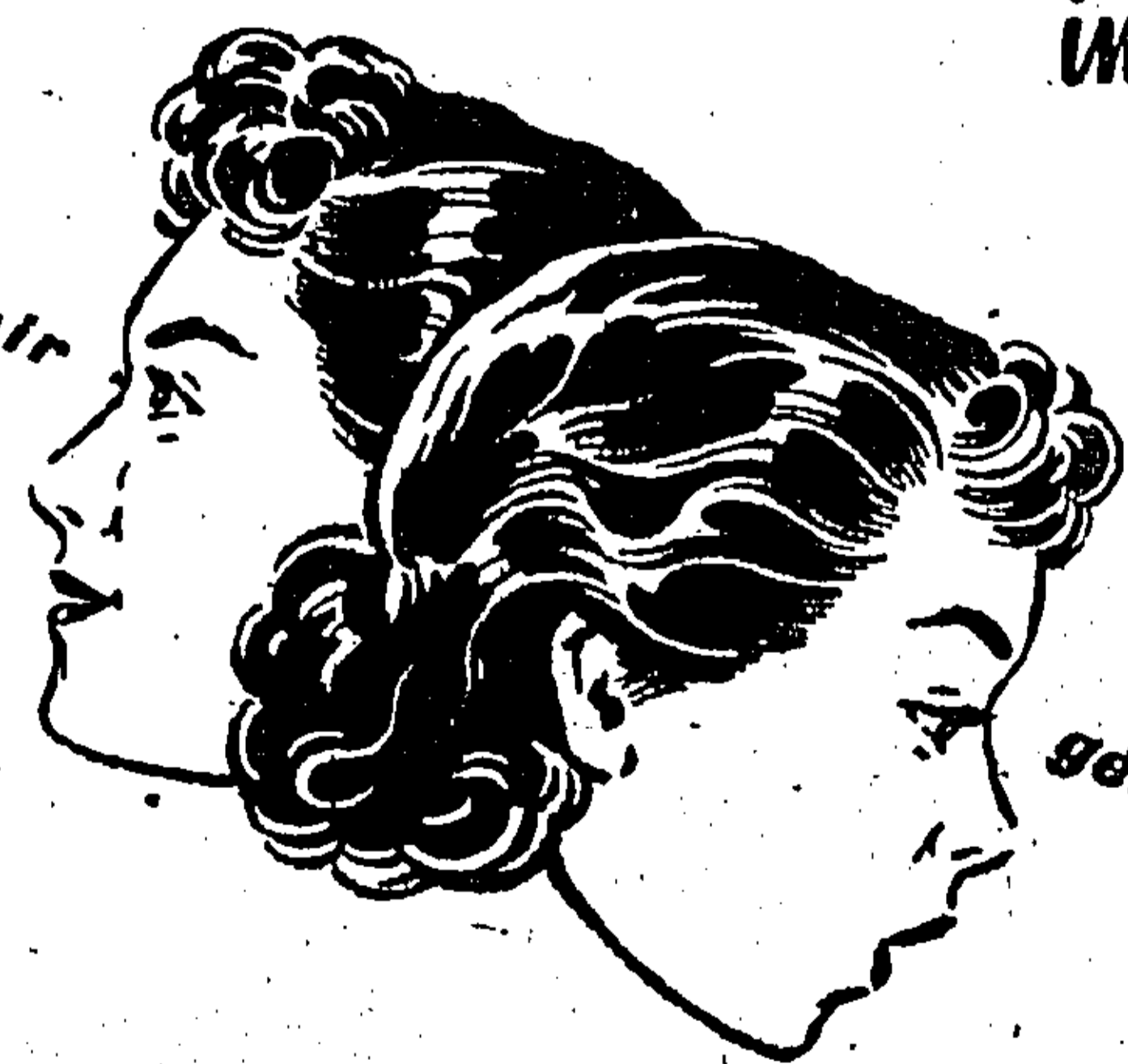
In fact, everyone can contribute by making big cricket more cheerful. Cricket without laughter is not worth playing. (London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

Champions Humbled

Blackburn West CC gained promotion through every division of the Blackburn Midweek Cricket League and when they reached the First Division last summer they won the Championship at the first attempt. They then returned for another League, failed to gain election, returned to the Midweek Second Division and got the shock of their lives. The senior champions in the lower class were shot out for thirteen runs by Lancaster Old Boys who knocked off the 14 needed runs in 140 overs without losing a wicket.

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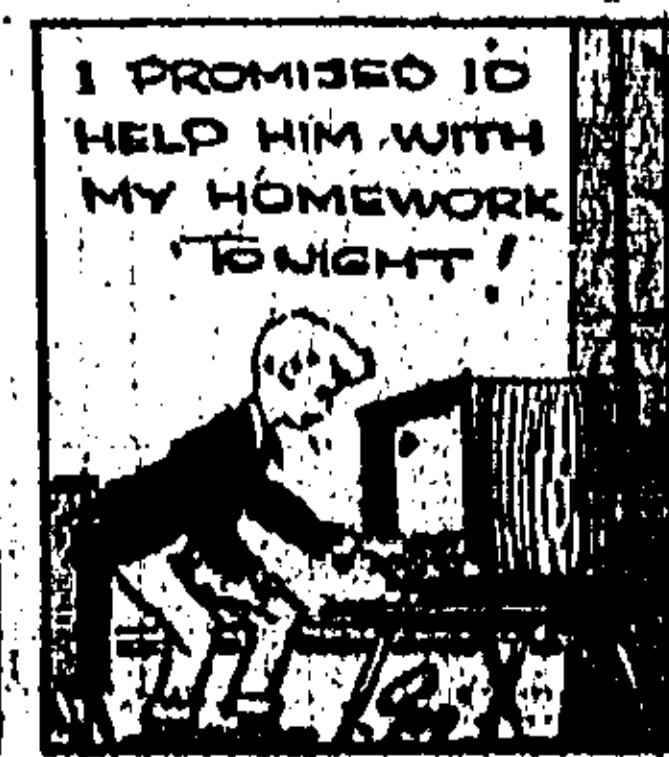
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CHERRY HEERING

THE old Kent and England player, FRANK WOOLLEY, lays claim to an incredible record in a match against Somerset at Taunton "years ago." He states that he scored 70 or 71 runs in three overs. It is not recorded in Wisden, but, as BRUCE HARRIS says, it is "going some," though physically possible.

Grandfather WOOLLEY —The Great 'Persuader'

OF Frank Woolley of Kent, the late Sir James Harris, creator of Peter Pan, once spoke memorable words of praise. Woolley, he said, did not hit a cricket ball—he told the bat to tell the ball to go away.

Now this peer among left-handed batsmen is on the verge of 70 and five times a grandfather.

He reaches that time of life on Monday week—four years after his great cricket contemporary, Sir John Hobbs, who was 74 last December.

EFFECTIVE

So effective was Woolley's "persuasion" of bat and ball, that, effortless though it seemed, his aggregate of runs, 58,909, came second only to Hobbs's 61,227 in the whole annals of first-class cricket.

I went down to the home of Woolley and his wife at Tunbridge Wells to hear of old times. But there was much talk of the future. Seventy though he is, Woolley has not abandoned ambition.

With his son-in-law, he runs a farm of 220 acres at Sodecombe, seven miles from Hastings. There he grows hops; but more important to them is the raising of a herd of Friesian cattle.

"An expensive business," said he.

UNCHANGED

From cattle back to cricket. As he talked about the game, he seemed no older, apart from greying hair, than when I watched him in the role of emergency wicket-keeper at the ill-fated Oval Test Match against Australia in 1934.

The same tall, lithe, upright figure, the same broad shoulders, the same sun-weathered face—all were unchanged.

QUALITY DOWN

"Do you know?" he said, "that in the Test match the last of my 64, I caught Don Bradman behind the wicket early in his innings. But it didn't appear in the papers because I didn't appeal. He made 77, and told me afterwards that the ball touched his gloves."

Woolley, a member of the Kent committee, still sees quite a lot of cricket. Of the experimental changes in County Cricket laws, he likes the 75-yard boundary best—"Good entertainment value because it encourages the batsman to try for his sixes."

He regards Peter May and Colin Cowdrey as the outstanding young batsmen in English cricket, but believes that, by and large, cricket quality is "50 per cent down" on its former standard—batsmen and bowling alike.

CRITICISM

"If you make that criticism," said Woolley, "people say that you are old-fashioned, but there it is. Not enough bowlers use their 'loaf' to get batsmen caught on the off-side; not enough batsmen use their feet to spinners like South Africa's Tayfield to prevent them from taking liberties."

The runs of which Woolley is proudest? Not one of his 145 centuries, but the 95 (out of 187) and 93 (out of 283) in the same Test match against

Australia at Lord's in 1921, when the two fast bowlers, McDonald and Gregory, were in their prime—"I've never played a better fast bowler than McDonald."

"I missed the centuries, Arthur Mailey got me each time. In the first innings I came out to a full toss, missed it and was stumped; in the second, I let fly at a long hop. 'Stalk' Hendry took the ball in the region of the tummy and rolled over on his back."

70 RUNS

At times Woolley scored prodigiously fast. I asked him for his record. He replied that

"Years ago, against Somerset at Taunton, I played only one ball before lunch, scoring a single."

"Resuming at 2.15," he said, "I was out just after 2.30 with 88 to my name—I was caught when the ball jammed itself between the wicket-keeper's knuckles. In three overs I scored either 70 or 71 runs against Jack White and R. C. Robertson-Glasgow."

"I agree that fortune favoured me. I had nearly all the strike and Taunton is a ground kind to the hitter of sixes."

"But there," Woolley reflected, "if you print that,

they won't believe me, but it's true."

● Note.—This phenomenal innings is not recorded in the fast-scoring lists given in Wisden. An innings of comparable value which is recorded is 101 by G. L. Jesson, for Gloucestershire, in 1897. It took 40 minutes, double the time mentioned above.

Supporting the Woolley innings lasted 20 minutes, seven overs, or 42 balls might be bowled in that time. It is, of course, physically possible to score 98 runs off them—if the batsman could monopolise the bowling. But it is certainly "going some."

—(London Express Service).

I'M JUST STARTING OUT ON THE BEST TWO YEARS OF MY CAREER

Says PETER KEENAN

If John Smilie had stretched me on the Firhill canvas on May 22 I would have been finished. Washed up.

That would have been tough to take, because I fancy there will be more money around in the boxing game for the next couple of years than I've been able to get my hands on so far.

Just two more years. That's all the time I wanted. Now I've got it. At least I've got the chance to think about what I can do for the next two years. Until I chinned Smilie, there was no future for Keenan.

And if I set a few hearts fluttering in the first five rounds, all I can say is that there was one man at Firhill who wasn't worried. That was me.

One real punch either way at Firhill meant the difference between dabbling in second hand cars and dance bands, or a crack at bringing a world title to Scotland. That's how much the fight meant to me.

Knowing that—and I realised from the start that the Smilie fight was the pay-off—I can afford a horse-laugh at the stories and rumours that went the rounds about the way I prepared for the fight.

I heard that I wasn't putting my heart into training. I could laugh at that, knowing that I've never trained harder for a fight in my life. I meant to get into that ring fitter than I've ever been. And that's the way it was.

The story that I was drinking and smoking heavily wasn't so funny. "Keenan was drinking in a Glasgow pub four days before the fight!"

That one came back to me too—and it was true. One Saturday night I joined some friends and drank a cider. I don't think it had any effect on me!

TRAINING CAMP

Maybe Smilie's preparation looked better than mine. He went off to a training camp with a string of sparring partners. I stayed home, and trained around Glasgow.

There was method in the apparent Keenan madness. I had one problem more than Smilie—the lack of southpaw sparring partners. It was hard enough to get them in Glasgow. It would have been 10 times tougher to

persuade them to travel down the coast.

But back to the fight itself. I'm not kidding myself that it went the way I had planned.

Knowing Smilie, from my days of sparring with him, I planned to let him run himself out before I went after him. But he surprised me with his strength.

I made a tactical mistake in going away from him, instead of going in to make my own openings. But I was never worried.

I'm not agreeing with those who say that Smilie had the chance of a lifetime, that other boxers with a real punch would have finished me in those early rounds.

I have the big punch obsession. It always meets up with me when I fight a southpaw. Keep out of trouble till the opening comes up, then let him have it. I did just that.

I'm not fooling when I say that Smilie didn't hurt me once. The opening came in the sixth round, and that was it.

The future looks pretty good now. My aim is to pack as many fights into the next couple of years as I can get. There are more class banlamweights around than there have been for a long time, and more promotions than ever. I reckon I can keep pretty busy.

DOWN TO THE GROUND

The goal is the European and the world titles of course. I've already been promised a fight with Raoul Machas, recognised as the world title holder on the other side of the Atlantic. A fight with him in the US would suit me down to the ground.

The punches over there, with a TV fee added, make payments in England look like chickenfeed. I can have a go for the European title, and still get

Macias. D'Agala and Searpanti are due to meet for the European title, and I'm in with a chance for a crack at the winner.

The Americans are prepared to recognize the fight, as a world title bout, if the winner will agree to taking on Macias. That programme would suit me. I've already beaten Searpanti.

There is also Hallmi, recognised in Europe as the world champion.

But I'm not going to sit around waiting for it to happen. The sooner I get back into a ring the better I'll like it. If anybody wants a crack at my titles, they can have a go any time.

I want fights, and I'll go anywhere to get them. Keenan washed up? Not on your life. He is just starting out on the best two years of his life.

—(London Express Service).
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Answers To Sports Quiz

- Canada.
- Isle of Man.
- Berlin.
- Cowes week.
- Sir Henry Seagrave, Sir Malcolm Campbell.
- Stoke.
- 22, including the cue ball.
- Famous world lawn tennis champion.
- Billiards.
- Ice.

WEEK-END BOWLS TEAMS

The following players have been selected to represent their respective clubs in Lawn Bowls League games over the week-end:

<p>1st Division (Home) v KCC: T. Lee, P. K. Lee, G. A. Souza, A. B. Coates (Skip), W. C. Young, S. G. Harris, G. H. Choy, S. L. Leonard (Skip), C. K. Bung, W. C. Okey, C. C. Ma, C. R. Rosewell (Skip).</p> <p>2nd Division (Home) v KCC: J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard, J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard, J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard.</p> <p>3rd Division (Home) v KCC: J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard, J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard, J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard.</p>	<p>1st Division (Away) v KCC: T. Lee, P. K. Lee, G. A. Souza, A. B. Coates (Skip), W. C. Young, S. G. Harris, G. H. Choy, S. L. Leonard (Skip), C. K. Bung, W. C. Okey, C. C. Ma, C. R. Rosewell (Skip).</p> <p>2nd Division (Away) v KCC: J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard, J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard, J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard.</p> <p>3rd Division (Away) v KCC: J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard, J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard, J. W. Leonard (Skip), P. R. Hagg, A. K. Ismail, T. A. Leonard.</p>
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Rose Marie Reid
JEWELS OF THE SEA

IMPROMPTU...How high the fashion!...that creates this sylph-like shape for you, marrying the hug of Laster with the luxury of wool. Such is our slender knitted sheath, staggering its stripes in straight lines that lead to a curve!

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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Cash Sweep Tickets dated 25th May, 1957, on the 10th Race of the Thirteenth Race Meeting

Cash Sweep Tickets on the above will participate in the Cash Sweep on the 10th Race of the First Race Meeting of the 1957/58 racing season, scheduled to be held on Saturday, 5th October, 1957.

The sale of Tickets by the Club on this Sweep CLOSED on Saturday, 1st June, 1957.

The last ticket sold was No. 526000.

By Order of the Stewards,
PEAT, MARWICK, MITCHELL & COMPANY,
Treasury.

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1. Schooling —

2. Improvident character —

3. Exploits —

4. Biography —

5. Famous Novelist —

6. Polish —

7. New book —

8. Gun powder one? —

9. Famous sailor —

10. Vain too —

11. Short woman —

12. Complete —

13. On the wall —

14. Pleased —

15. Newspaper work —

16. Young wife —

Solution on Back Page

BE SPECIFIC

FLY

CATHAY PACIFIC

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

NO. NO. IT'S NO USE SEWING THE BUTTONS WITH THAT THIN COTTON

YOU SHOULD USE SOME THICK THREAD

AND MAKE IT LIKE THE TAILORS DO

HAVEN'T MADE THE GOOD YET BUT YOU SAID COME EARLY

I'LL HELP

KNOW YOU WON'T MIND HELPING COOK THIS DINNER

THIS IS THE LAST TIME I SPEND SUNDAY WITH RELATIONS

COOK BY GAS

Goya

A GIFT-BOX OF TOILETRIES IS THE FAREWELL GIFT FOR A TRAVELLER BY SEA

